THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE ALBUM OF Mrs. S.

The blush of roses when in bloom,
Will, now and then, that cheek illume;
There glow awhile—then fade away
Like the first tinge of early day.
Art may attempt, and skill may try
With nature's loveliest works to vie;
Yet art will fail, and skill, in vain,
May strive perfection's height to gain;
Unite them both, yes, both combine
In one celestial, chaste design;
That chaste design could not embrace
The lovely model of that face—
Expression, when sad cares invade,
Ting'd with dejections pensive shade—
But lighted up with pleasure's ray,
And all within again is gay.
What sweet expression—all revealing,
With every impulse, ev'ry feeling,
And those eyes of hazel hue
Are just as changeful, just as true—
Every dark obtrusive care
Is read with silent rapture there.

August, 1831. J. H. S.

THE INCONSTANT.

My lover will be here to-night—
Oh how I long to have him come!
I'm in a flutter of delight—
And, Jane, be sure to say, "at home."
The blinds are up—the door ajar—
My hair—my dress—they all are ready,
Now Love may light his beacon star,
And Hope stand by to keep me steady.

Why do I tire of waiting for him—
He promised to be here to-night,
And I've sat by the window watching,
Since *very* early candle light.
I can't conceive what keeps him so,
He surely will not break his word;
They told a tale—'tis false I know—
The strangest one I ever heard!

The saucy minx at Number Four,
Would try to make me think, forsooth,
That I should never see him more,
The tall form of my darling youth!
She hinted at man's fickleness—
Inconstant was the word she used,
"A newer love"—she said no less—
Oh, how my Charles has been abused!

And yet he comes not:—far away
The clouds have gathered to their rest,
And the last crimson flush of day
Flashes and dies along the west:
And as the stars draw sweetly near,
They seem to look with tearful eyes,—
Alas! *my* eyelid holds the tear,
Called there by my unconscious sighs.

I wonder if it can be true:—
But no! the story's idle all;
He false! indeed that would be new—
So fair, so handsome, and so tall!
He's very cautious not to make
A promise he cannot fulfil,
And this one sure he will not break—
Although I'm half afraid he will.

I never will forgive him—no—
If he *does* break his promise now,
I'll let the wicked trifler know
That I can wear a haughty brow—
I'll look so cold, should he repent,
Though he should sue on bended knee—
Although perhaps I might relent,
If he should really *kneel* to me.

He will not come! It is the first
Of promises he ever broke,
At least to me—and now the worst
Is in a cruel language spoke.
Trembling I half believe the tale
Of parting love—intended slight—
And tears, although of no avail,
Shall wash my painted cheeks to-night.

My auburn hair I'll lay aside,
'Twill serve perhaps some other time,
And I will, in my maiden pride,
Forget my griefs—his almost crime:
There is a nice young man—though not
So tall as Charles—at Number Nine,
I rather guess he may be caught,
My coz shall ask him here to dine!

BENEDICK.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO NEW-YORK.

Did you ever go down there to York?
My stars! if that place don't beat all—
May I never eat pumpkins nor pork,
If York aint a roarer, by gall.

There's the houses pil'd all in a heap—
The chimneys and steeples I vow;
And every thing's sold there so cheap,
The owners must steal um, I swow.

What a darn sight of vessels they've got!
There's one there, I vow, she's a snorter;
And steam-boats, they're thicker than shot—
By George, how they go through the warter!

What a hissing and splashing they make!
By golly, if sum there aint rilers—
What a darn'd site of wood it must take
To beat them infarnal great bilers!

I see one there, by guy what a whaler!
She started—then whew, what a whurr!
She went like a duck—what a sailer—
And her wheels flew around like a burr.

I next went up 'mong them are houses—
My stars what an ocean of stores!
There was coats, and jackets and trowses,
Hung out thick as mud by the doors.

There was hats, shoes and steekins, I swan,
Thicker'n pumpkins around on the vines;
And where in the world is the man
That made them tarnation great sines!

There's plenty of fokes too, I snum—
Thicker'n bees in a hive altogether;
Where can their wood come from, I vum,
To keep them all warm in cold weather?

I swaggers, sich oshuns of things
I never did see since I'ze born;
The folks must be richer than kings,
And have money as plenty as corn.

There's some plaguy slick girls there, I snum,
As handsome as pictures can be,
With waists girt as tite as a drum—
I wish there was one there for me.

But then they're as stiff as a poker,
And as shy as a mouse on a shelf—
If you want to know more, then by hoky,
You must go there and look for yourself.

CATCH A WEASEL ASLEEP.

MISCELLANY.

From the Turf Register.

THE HARDEST FEND OFF, OR THE BEAR AND THE ALIGATOR.

St. Martinsville, May 4, 1831.

On a scorching day in the middle of June, 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak, on the ever green banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roarings of some animal, in the canebrake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet, tramping down the cane, and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view, of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season, when, as Thompson says,

"——— Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorched, the raging passions feels.

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls to behold a *large black bear* reared up on his hind legs, with his fore paws raised aloft, as if to make a plunge. His face was besmeared with white foam sprinkled with red, which dropping from his mouth, rolled down its shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth and growling at his enemy. A few paces in the rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array, stood bruin's foe, in shape an *aligator*, fifteen feet long! He looked as if he had just been dipped in the Teche, and had emerged like Achilles, from the Styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail. He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his tongueless mouth thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws, two large tusks, and rows of teeth. His tail six feet long raised from the ground was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force. His big eyes starting from his head, glared upon bruin, whilst sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitudes described about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention, and great caution, as it each felt confident he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manœuvre in silence. I could scarcely believe my eye sight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about about? Some readers may doubt the tale on this account, but if it had been a bull fight, no one would have doubted it, because every one knows what they are fighting for.

The same reasoning will not always apply to a man fight. Men frequently fight when they are sober, for no purpose, except to ascertain which is the better man. We must then believe that beasts will do the same, unless we admit that the instinct of beasts is superior to the boasted reason of man. Whether they did fight upon the present occasion without cause I cannot say, as I was not present when the affray began. A bear and a ram have been known to fight, and so did the bear and the aligator, whilst I prudently kept in the back ground, preserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the belligerents. And now, if the reader is satisfied that such a battle as this might have taken place, in the absence of any known cause, I will go on to tell what I saw of it, as a witness.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which showed he had not lost confidence in himself.—If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to go at it again. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the aligator. The aligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly around to avoid the onset, met bruin half way, with a blow of his tail, that rolled him on the shell. Old bruin was not to be put off by one hint, three times in rapid succession he rushed at the aligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the aligator, time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the aligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close holts with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity, which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising, would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the aligator before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect. The aligator was upset by the charge, and before he could recover his feet, bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The aligator was now in a desperate situation, notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back from which

"The darted steel with idle shivers flies."

As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting used up fast." Here if I dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet:

"Now gallant knight, now hold thy own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The aligator attempted in vain to bite, pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair, but being a warrior "by flood and by field," he was not yet entirely overcome. Wreathing his tail with agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next the bayou, aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river.

The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance back at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards, to know him, no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, if he had remained a few minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water to save his own life, I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory; besides, by *implied* consent, the parties were bound to finish the fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it. If this record should be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, I think the judges would decide in bruin's favor, by this modern principle of law; one thing is certain, viz.: they would decide that they had jurisdiction by *implication*; per force of which what is it that cannot be *nullified*? S. H.

A SCENE ON BOARD SHIP.

Calling a Midshipman to his Night Watch.

Eight bells (12 P. M.) are now struck, and down comes the Quartermaster to wake him. The effect of the lantern is first tried upon his eyes; being held so as to stream full betwixt the lids, and within heating distance. Should this prove ineffectual, what is meant for a whisper, for fear of disturbing his next neighbor, but enough, one would think, to rouse a dead man, is muttered in his ear. "Mr. Nighthead! I say, Mr. Nighthead! Mr. Nighthead, I say!" This failing, the elews of the hammock (small strans by which it is swung to the carlins) are seized, and by means of a few violent jerks, the tenant is at length roused, to what the Chaplain would call, "a painful sense of his situation."—Still, 'tis like a troubled dream—a muttering of strange incoherent words, half opening of the eyelids, turning over on the other side, and resignation to sleep—the whole a lively illustration of a call to the unconverted.

Here the struggle commonly ends. The Quartermaster goes on deck, and he of the watch stands listening and nodding at the hatch, and impatiently expecting his relief. Discovering at length no signs of a movement, the Quartermaster is again despatched below, with orders to make him "show leg." Thus commissioned, the gruff old fellow goes to work in good earnest; determined that the subject of his operations shall at least, for once, not complain that he was not thoroughly waked. "I hear! I hear!" is at last angrily reiterated by the sagacious Mr. Nighthead: who, gaping and rubbing his eyes as if, forsooth, just now for the first time disturbed, and throwing one leg over the side of the hammock, asks snappingly if he can't wake a fellow without shaking his gizzard out of him.

"Shake your gizzard out, sir! an' 'spose I do—its narely one bell, and this is the *fourth* time I've called you, sir!"

"You lie! you ——— old son of a ———, 'tis the first. That's always your way, and then a fellow's rowed for not turning out."

"'Spose you're awake now, sir? ar'nt you, sir?"

"Yes; what kind of a night is it?"

"Oh, a fine night, sir!"

"How's the wind?"

"Why, as to that, sir! a little *ahead*, but crawling aft."

"Very well, (bustling and throwing the other leg over the side of the hammock) tell Mr. Noddy I'll be on deck."

Five, or it may be ten, minutes elapse, and no Mr. Nighthead appears. The bell strikes one; he of the watch descends, and then follows a scene of attack and defence, the more violent, as the plaintiff is himself habitually guilty of the very offence against which he brings action.

"Here, 'tis one bell, and you have been twice called, Mr. Nighthead, and are not out yet. But 'tis always so. You are the worst relief in the ship."

"I the worst relief! Pot need'nt call kettle black, Mr. Noddy. Besides I was not awoke till just now. I suppose you don't expect a man to go on deck in his shirt."

"I don't know what you call just now; it is an hour———."

"Honor bright, Mr. Noddy! if it be ten minutes ——."

"Ten minutes! Eh! Just to see how a man will catch himself in his own bite. It don't take a man I suppose ten minutes to show leg, unless the slack of it be as long as the jib downhaul."

"Ten minutes! if I said it, I did'nt mean it.—'Tis n't three, 'tis n't two."

Mr. Noddy is by this time turned in and asleep, and Mr. Nighthead fumbling for his tarpaulin, or on his way muttering up the hatch.

Washington Spectator.

The Wrong Leg.—Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury, forgot the day he was to be married, and was surprised at his servant's bringing him a new dress. A gnat stinging him in the leg, the Doctor stooped and scratched the leg of a gentleman who stood next to him.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

MY NEW LODGINGS.

It is superfluous to expaciate on the advantages of a quiet, unmolested study to a reading or writing man. Splendid works of genius have been conceived and born in the silence of the dungeon; monuments of learning have been reared in the still seclusion of the cloister; Cervantes, Raleigh, with a host of monks and fathers, are famed for the literary wonders which they wrought in gloom and solitude; but what age, or what country, can produce an instant of talent developing itself in a mill, or intellect attaining its full stature in a seminary for young ladies? While Tasso lay in the bedlam of Ferrara, he never added a stanza or threw a single new beauty over his "Gerusalemma." Demosthenes studied his godlike art in a cell under ground; he never forged so much as a single thunderbolt in his father's smithy; and Oracle would never have pronounced Socrates "wisest of men," had he not had "the olive-grove of Academe" for a retreat from the din of Xantippe's tongue. —There are undoubtedly sounds, and even noises, which seem to harmonize with the pursuits of learning. Is the collegian disturbed by the college-bell?—Quite the reverse. So long have the reading and ringing, the thinking and tolling, gone on together, that were the steeple suddenly struck dumb, the most melancholy confusion might be the consequence; a right line might be mistaken for a curve—a logical proposition for its direct converse—or (which were infinitely worse) his moral speculations might be so disordered that wrong might appear right, and a bottle in his chambers be preferred to a lecture in the hall. Then there are babbling brooks, dashing surges, whispering winds, and whistling black birds—a respectable family of noises. But what shall we say of squalling children, braying donkeys, scolding wives, creaking doors, snoring nurses, and rattling windows? In no department of learning are these of the slightest service.—Students protest against them with one accord; and doctors—who never agreed on any other point—agree in denouncing the squeaking of a pig under a gate—

"Poor swine! as if its pretty heart would break!"

as glorious John Dryden expresses it. In short, it has become a principle in the republic of letters, that nothing great was ever said or sung with a continual dinning in the immediate precincts of the author's sanctum-sanctorum. It has been my misfortune to have had this truth illustrated so remarkably in my own individual case, that, painful as the recollections are, I am tempted to lay the circumstances before the public in the present article. If they answer no other purposes, they will serve as valuable hints to literary men in the selection of their places of abode.

About six week or two month back, I took up my residence, as lodger, in the house of a respectable tailor. The street is immaterial; but it was that debateable region, east of Portland-place, and north of Oxford-street. This tailor, not having the fear of Malthus before his eyes, had, with the co-operation of a buxom wife, augmented the population of the country by seven male and female "innocents," who, I verily believe, had escaped small-pox, measles, chin-cough, and all the other maladies of infancy, for the sole purpose of murdering my repose, and defrauding society of the fruits of my studies and lucubrations. Seven devils incarnate could not have plagued me more efficiently. Their fond parents called them "their little angels;" and such certainly they were, according to the literal acceptation of that passage in the Liturgy—"cherubim and seraphim *continually do cry*; for a perpetual concert it truly was of mewling, piping, sobbing, bawling, and all the melodies of the nursery, with more variations than Beethoven and Rossini between them ever composed. They managed never to be all asleep at the same time; two or three were always on duty; and most effectively did the little ones perform it. In the course of a short month, the literary world sustained damage, in consequence of the life I led at the tailor's, to the amount of ten sonnets, fifteen epigrams seven series, six comic, and five serio-comic, prose essays, with three political articles, some of which I never trusted out of my desk; while those which were "cast upon the waters" returned invariably to their author, after having obtained for themselves and him such flattering notices as the following:

"'Fortuatus' is not fortunate enough to please us."—"The writer who subscribes himself * * *, is not sufficiently starry for our pages."—The author of the paper against Taxes upon Knowledge is unreasonable; it will be some time before the collector calls upon him."

That I was indebted for these editorial urbanities to the tailor's progeny, I am prepared to verify by affidavit; nay, I could actually apportion to each of the "little dears" the share he or she had in occasioning my disasters. All the time I was composing the verses signed "Fortunatus," one of the young gentlemen was blowing a penny trumpet, and his charming sister trying a new skipping rope, in the room immediately over mine. I only wonder the verses were not attributed to Mr. R. M——y. Another pair were struggling and screaming under the operation of the comb and towel, just at the precise moment the unfortunate article with three stars was on the anvil; it was an ill-starred production as a matter of course. The failure of my political speculations is to be divided equallly amongst the remaining trio, whose never-ceasing contests about the property of an unlucky kitten led to the cat-astrophe of my "Taxes upon Knowledge."—In fact, the only composition of any merit that came from my pen during this unhappy period was an Essay on Infanticide, in which I think I have rested the defence of that practice upon grounds that it will not be easy to impugn. But the time is not yet come for promulgating so bold a doctrine to the world.

There is nothing I hate so much as the trouble of changing my domicile; but the dread of having my swan again mistaken for the goose, prevailed over my inhabitive propensity; so, having given the man of the shears due notice, I struck my camp in the midst of a full chorus, which the infant Stentors seemed to have set up on purpose for the occasion—I suppose to send me on my way rejoicing; and a few hours saw me regularly installed in *My New Lodgings*, where I had previously assured myself, by the most rigorous investigation, that there was not a child, either in *esse*, or in *posse*, upon the premises—my landlady being a maidenly dame of threescore and ten years, and no other lodger in the house, except "a respectable, quiet gentleman," who occupied in the golden estate of a bachelor, the apartment immediately adjoining mine upon the same floor. "No children?" was the sole interrogatory I put. I put it with the air of a Plenipotentiary propounding his ultimatum. The answer was in the negative and the bargain was concluded.

When the door was shut, and the chair drawn close to a comfortable fire, the sensations I experienced were of the most enviable nature. After one retrospective glance at my late miserable situation, my present felicitous circumstances passed in review before me: I fancied myself in Paradise, and formed a hundred literary projects to retrieve my reputation and recruit my purse. I would run no risk in future of having my verses ascribed to the poet of Oxford, or any other bardling of the day; I would be a constant and brilliant contributor to the "Monthly Magazine;" my random rays and scintillations I would throw to other periodicals; perhaps I would even produce a novel, the appearance of which would be an epoch in English literature, like the publication of Waverley.—It is a question, I continued, whether I should give my name at once to the world, or become another "Great Unknown." Another difficulty suggested itself. My portrait will be solicited for some gallery of living literary characters; perhaps I had better sit to Rothwell at once—or, quere, would it not be more *eclatant* to refuse—refuse them my countenance! They will press me, of course—I will be peremptory, fierce, inflexible. But suppose a hundred pounds offered to overcome my scruples—how should I act? Would it look mercenary to take the money? A hundred pence would be a matter of present—my malison on the tailors' lady! I'll agree—they shall have it for a hundred—Oh! but I forget my novel—I shall not want a paltry hundred pounds. If I consent to be engraved, it will therefore be out of pure magnanimity—to encourage literature and the arts.—But this is wandering; let me think of an article for next month. Thank Heaven! there wilderness of squalling brats to distract me. This is just—just the place for an author. Gibbon! I do not envy you your bower by Lake Leman. Simeon the stylite! I do not grudge you the summit of your famous pillar in the solitudes of Syria! Here I have all the solitude, quiet repose, silence——What noise was that?

The sound which broke my soliloquy, and occasioned this abrupt interrogatory, was a note of a flute from the "respectable, quiet gentleman" in the adjoining apartment. "A flute player!" I ejaculated in a tone very different from that of my former musings—"my next room mate is a flute player!" It was not until that moment that I particularly noticed a door which actually communicated between our quarters. The door, to be sure, was locked; but bramah himself cannot lock out sounds. My first impressions, therefore, on hearing the note of the flute, were like those of one who, couching on roses, discovered an adder preparing to sting him. The thought, however, soon occurred that it would be only a tune or two—three at the utmost, and it was fortunate to have a "respectable, quiet gentleman" for a neighbor on no harder terms than three airs on the flute, even were the performance to be daily repeated. With this reflection I laid down my pen, threw myself serenely back on my chair, and resolved to wait *en philosophe* until my melodious neighbor had taken his innocent recreation. "The day," said I, parading a speech of Uncle Toby, "is long enough both for him and me." I listened. It is possible, as my friends know, to be more of a musician than I am, without endangering the supremacy of Handel or Mozart. I pretend not to the mysteries of the flat ninth, or diminished seventh—but I know a crotchet from a quaver; and a few seconds informed me that the unseen instrumentalist had yet to reach that measure of proficiency. Now the vicinity of a flute-player was bad enough in all conscience; but a flute-learner——. If it were polite to swear in a magazine, I would let you know my sentiments of a flute-learner! Still I determined to "bide my time." A quarter of an hour's practice, methought, will content *him*; and the deuce is in it if the residue of twenty four hours is not enough for *me*.—A quarter of an hour is often but a brief space. To me—condemned to hear harmony murdered in the next room, with nothing but a pannel half an inch thick between me and the murderer; and my situation aggravated by the remembrance that my pen was idle the while, and all the bright thoughts which I had just collected into a focus to dazzle the world, in imminent danger of dispersion—to me it appeared a quarter of a century. You have heard, perhaps, a beginner on a flute, or some other instrument? Time and tune set at defiance; flats, sharps, and naturals in as beautiful confusion as chairs in a fashionable drawing-room; the performer as ignorant of the gamut as a peer of political economy; tonics and semi-tones, quavers and semi-quavers all alike; no standing upon such trifles. Altogether, I believe, it is comparable to nothing but to Discord herself executing a solo at a musical festival in Pandemonium. When the fifteen minutes were elapsed, I dipped my pen in the inkstand. The ink dried, and the practising still went on. Vexation muttered, "unconscionable!" Patience whispered, "give him another quarter of an hour!" I agreed, in hopes of getting a *quarter* myself in return. But no! I was at the mercy of a ruthless enemy. The second half hour commenced its course; but no intermission, except while the leaves of the music-book were turning. Once there was a little delay in performing this operation; two leaves, I suppose, were turned instead of one. My pen once more in the inkstand: but before it could reach the paper, the mistake was corrected, and the indefatigable practiser was on his way again, in full career after luckless music, whom he worried like a true sportsman, thinking as little (to borrow a pun from Geoffrey Crayon) of clearing five or *six bars* at a leap, at a foxhunter in the heat of the chase. I was now wrought to a pitch of frenzy, and resolved to leave the house instantly; but, alas! how often

"the native hue of resolution
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought!"

I had taken the apartment by the month; and, in my horror of children, I had never dreamed of making a proviso against musicians. Of course, there was no alternative but to submit to be practised to death, or pay a month's rent for a day's lodging—a course, which the editorial civilities above mentioned dissuaded me from taking by that powerful mode of reasoning, called an *argumentum ad crumenam*.

At length it ceased!—but the spirit of composition had evaporated; my neighbor's flute had produced the effect of Gideon's pitchers and trumpets on my cogitations; and on reviewing the ideal host, with whose aid I had meditated the gathering of so many laurels, so many of my thoughts were on the missing list—not to speak of those which had actually perished in the din—that it was impossible to proceed a step until I had raised new recruits, or given the stragglers time to return to their ranks. This was not the work of a few minutes. It required much walking up and down the room, much scratching of the head, much thumping of the table, and much mending of the pen. At length they began to rally; one leading idea came so near within my reach, that I laid hold of and secured it. "Aha!" I exclaimed, "I have got you at last; and to make sure of you, down you go on paper this very instant; down you go; the world shall have you—all the flutes in the kingdom to the contrary notwithstanding." A single sentence from the next room defeated my purpose and defrauded the world.—"It is just Signor Ritornelli's time; I think I am almost perfect in that sonata." Signor Ritornelli's time; blissful announcement! What heinous sin had I perpetrated to incur such a visitation? I went through the decalogue.

My next step was to settle my account, low as my finances were, and sally forth in quest of a new lodging. "Well," said I to myself, "*experientia docet*. Musicians are as much to be dreaded by a literary man as children. I shall insert clauses against both in my next agreement." It cost me a good deal of perambulation to combine the two conditions. In the first house I entered, a young lady in the parlour was practising the "Battle of Prague;" she had just arrived at "the cries of the wounded." That, you know, would never answer, so I crossed the street to another house with "Lodgings for single gentlemen" upon the windows. A dame opened the door, surrounded with as numerous a litter as Virgil's "sow of imperial augury," or the wife of a country curate. The apartments, of course, were not *exactly* to my mind. The drawing room window of the third was open; and a voice as sonorous as that of the Hermit of Copmanhurst, thundering his *Deprofundis*, was roaring, "Oh! no, we never mention her," to a guitar which seemed to be cracking its strings to maintain its rightful place in the performance. Several more attempts were equally unsuccessful. But—to be brief—by dint of perseverance, I ultimately lighted upon exactly the thing that I wanted. There was no child, male or female; neither flute, fiddle, nor so much as a jew's harp, from kitchen to attic; and, to crown all, my landlord was not only a bachelor, but a man of the pen like myself, and of course personally concerned to have a studious silence preserved upon his premises. I had it from his own lips—"Dabble a little in ink now and then—the "*cacoethes loquendi*," you know—take for granted, Sir, if I may take the liberty, you are a literary man as well as myself!" I nodded assent, though I should rather have been fraternized by a better classical scholar. But was this a time to be hypercritical? Here was every thing I wanted—a residence fit for Science herself; the street was a *cul de sac*; and so deep was the repose of my new apartments, that "the tintiest mouse that creeps on floor" could not journey across them unperceived.

My first day in *My New Lodgings* I neither read nor wrote a syllable; not that my library took a long time to arrange, or my wardrobe either; the former is any thing but a *dubia coena*: and the latter might vie with that of Curran, when he wrote to his mother for a supply of eleven shirts, assuring her that in college every gentleman had a dozen.—But it was business enough for one day to contemplate the various *agremens* of the quiet little creek where I had at length cast anchor, and refitted my shattered bark for a more prosperous voyage. It was not, therefore, until after breakfast on the second day, (I never could compose before breakfast,) that, ordering myself to be denied *to all the world*, (a pulpit would hold the entire circle of my acquaintance in London!) I sat me down in all the dignity of authorship, to my literary labors. The influence of an able writer over his species, pressed itself irresistibly on my mind. I mused upon the famous aphorism, "knowledge is power;" and was quoting the lines of Byron—

"But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think!"

when a tap at the door caught my ear. I instinctively said "Come in"—and my landlord entered, smirking and scraping, with an immense bundle of papers under his left arm.

All my visions of glory vanished into thin air!—Against flats and families I had taken every precaution, but the peril of a politico-literary landlord had never once entered my head?

His face, in which self complacency made a comical effort to look like diffidence, was sufficient to inform me that there subsisted between him and the said papers some very near and dear relationship. But he left no doubt upon the subject. "An humble attempt, Sir!" said he, laying on the table, as he spoke, a manuscript of at least a hundred pages of closely written letter paper; "an humble attempt, Sir, to which I humbly beg to solicit your favorable attention. We literary men, Sir—if I may presume to make so bold—must assist each other. It is entitled, you will observe, "A Political Panorama of the British Empire"—most important at the present crisis. Perhaps, if I may make so bold, you will do me the honor to give it one or two careful perusals—any time in the course of the day; your candid opinion will oblige me. I flatter myself it will meet your approbation, as it has I assure you, met that of Mr. ——, a member of the Imperial Parliament, my most particular friend. Perhaps you know Mr. ——?"

Peruse a hundred pages of solid pamphlet! It was well for my landlord my organs of combativeness, and his of self esteem, were not equally developed. But great provocations have frequently a tranquilizing effect; ladies who storm when a single cup falls are serene when a whole service is dashed to pieces. So it was with me. I replied composedly that I was at present occupied with indispensable business; but if he would leave his MS., I would look over it when I was at leisure. It would not do; I was obliged to listen to the "Table of Contents." That was not enough—there were two chapters to which he wished to call my attention—he would just run over them for me, if I had no

objection. I had every objection in the world; but I was happy to compound for a preface of a dozen pages. The text was bad enough, but the oral comment was still worse; and even this was not so trying to my patience as the apologies that accompanied it. He begged my pardon for digressing; hoped he had not interrupted the thread of the argument; and kindly offered to go back again, if it were necessary! I now rose from my chair. He appeared to take the hint, and moved a step or two towards the door. I occupied the ground thus abandoned, and kept it. It was impossible, however, to prevent him from laying hold of one of my coat buttons. Men of business ought either to wear no buttons, or take care to have their edges sharp and serrated, as a security against bores of all descriptions, but particularly politicians. While in this "durance vile," I was solicited to give my candid opinion on the affairs of Poland." As you may conjecture, the request was only *pro forma*, and intended not to extract my sentiments, but to introduce his own. "If I may presume to offer the opinion of so humble an individual as myself," he proceeded, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, and looking oracular, "the Poles would never have taken up arms against Russia, if they had not had *some hope of success!*" In his triumph at being delivered of so sagacious a remark, he forgot himself so far as to let go my unfortunate button. The advantage was not to be lost; I gained two steps more upon my particular persecutor, and this brought him within a few inches of the door; I then opened it myself, and growling a good morning, left him no alternative but to evacuate the apartment. My ferocity, however, seemed only to excite his good nature. As he withdrew—a movement he performed as reluctantly as a hunted wolf retires from his prey—he expressed his determination to avail himself often of the pleasure of my conversation: dropped something about *kindred* spirits; and intimated he had several *other* literary works on which he would take leave to solicit my opinions (he was considerate enough to add, not however) until I had read and *digested* the "Political Panorama!"

I had endured the tailor's family, and even the flute-player, without ever once thinking of delivering myself from my troubles by suicide. Now, however, that dreadful idea rushed into my mind; and I tremble to confess how long it occupied it. A literary landlord is certainly the climax of human miseries. The next thought was a country curacy, and this was succeeded by a determination to take my passage for America in the silent and pathless forests of the new world, I would be in no danger from *bores*—at least of the *human* species. How many more wild projects chased each other through my agonized brain, I cannot recollect—for I was in a state of desperation, pacing the room with the gait of a maniac, cursing the day I was born, and the folly of my friends, who had induced me to come to London, assuring me it was the only place for an author. Yet who could have supposed that there is no such thing as a quiet lodging in all this vast metropolis.

WIT AND LABOR.

A provincial paper, speaking of some thieves who were exercising their vocation at a country fair, calls them, by a most gracious euphuism, "Those who live rather by their wit than labor." This designation is far too loose, and altogether unphilosophical. It exalts the worst part of the community by appropriating to it a definition that belongs to the best part of it. The world owes much to labor, but what does it not owe to wit? Is it labor alone that rears the commodious dwelling, that builds the lofty temple, that poises the graceful dome, and spreads the everlasting arch? Labor is all very well in its way, useful to individuals, beneficial to the community, conducive to health, comfort, and good order. But what is labor without wit? A pair of hands without a head; strength without mind; a solitary, silent, painstaking thing, moving through the dull earth, and blind as the earth in which it works. Labor is a brute beast, which wit harnesses and guides. Labor is wit's slave. By labor a man may live, but it is only by wit that he can live well. By labor food and clothing may be produced, but by wit come life's ornaments and embellishments. Labor grasps a handful of earth, wit compasses the globe; labor has but two hands, wit works with a thousand; labor digs, wit plough; labor toils heavily at the oar, wit spreads the broad sail, or imprisons the struggling power of steam; labor writes and slowly multiplies the copies of its thoughts, wit prints, and its wisdom flies through the world on a myriad wings at once; labor grinds wearily at the hand-mill, wit catches the vagrant winds, binds up the strength of the lazily flowing stream, and makes them work its will; labor has no legs but its own, wit appropriates the speed of the horse, or flies unwearily on the wings of the wind. labor sits spinning at its solitary wheel, and slowly produces its fruit, while wit sets a thousand wheels at work at once, and the fable of Briarius ceases to be a romance; labor is man's humiliation, that brings him and binds him down to the earth, sensualizing his mind, and making him feel as though the very end of his being were but mere existence; labor asks no questions, has no doubts, no thoughts, no aspirations, no intellectual ambition; it sees nothing in nature but night and day, darkness and light—the night to sleep in and the day to work in; and so it moves its melancholy, monotonous round, till it sinks to the dust and sleeps in a forgotton grave. But by wit man lives to all that is around him, above him, or beneath him. It is the ubiquity of the mind that converses at once with the course of the planets, and the customs of the antipodes. It is ever busy in seeking to solve the great riddle of being. It is the living principle of life, and is that whereby man feels that he is. It is the exercise that strengthens but wearies not. It is the activity of intellect that finds as much pleasure in the rising of new doubts, as in the solution of its old ones. It is the muscle and nerve of the soul, that longs for difficulties to wrestle with, and has an appetite for mental conflict. Labor, if it thinks at all, thinks only of and for itself; wit, though it thinks for itself, thinks of others. it makes universal acquaintance with universal nature reads human thoughts, and sympathises with human interests. Labor is selfish even in its generosity; wit is generous in its selfishness. Labor has but one object, simply to be; wit has a thousand objects, and a thousand ways to each of them. By labor life grows wearisome, the senses dull and obtruse; by wit the monotony of being is sweetly broken, and modulated into a thousand harmonious combinations. Labor is man's primæval curse, and wit the blessed means by which he seeks to evade it. Man so heartily and radically hates labor, that he not only endeavors to avoid its actual pressure, but he abhors the very sight of it and every symptom of it. He places the laborer in the lowest class of society; he pities the man who is reduced to labor for his bread; he has no pleasure in reading if the work seems to be labored; he punishes transgressors of the law by sentencing them to hard labor; he has no reverence for high intellectual accomplishments, if they have been attained merely by hard labor, and nine-tenths of those who labor do only labor that they may cease from labor. Let it not, then, be considered a right definition of an unworthy class of the community, to designate them as those who live rather by their wit than labor; for it is the characteristic of man in a civilized state to live rather by wit than by labor.

London Atlas.

AN IRISH ORIGINAL.

Bow-street, London. Among the odd fish, who ware caught by the watchmen in casting their nets on Friday night, was a Hibernian wag, rather advanced in years, of very seedy exterior, but possessing all the dry good humour, and joke-cracking disposition of his whiskey-loving countrymen.

On being put to the bar, the watchman was called on to state his charge, and this was done in a very few words. In fact, Mr. Butler, the *detunu* was found dead drunk, under the piazzas in convent garden, at two o'clock in the morning.

'Well,' said Sir Richard, 'how do you account for your disorderly conduct?'

Mr. B. (with a grin.) O! Faith, Sir Richard, I never was as much of an accountant, and if I was myself when I was dead drunk, as the watchman says, what I'd be saying would'nt do me much good, for dead men tell no tales.

Sir R. What brought you in such a state?

Mr. B. I suppose I brought myself that way by drinking liquor.

Sir R. It would have been well if you had taken yourself home to bed.

Mr. B. For God you're right, it would have been well, but there were two rasons against that—first I was blind drunk, as well as dead drunk, and so I could'nt see my way; and next, if my eyes were as good as your Worship's, I could'nt have seen what I hav'nt got, which is a bed.

Sir R. Have you no lodgings?

Mr. B. Divil a lodgings, except in the words of the owld song, 'On the cowld ground.'

Sir R. What are you?

Mr. B. Faith I'm a prisoner, I believe.

Sir R. I mean how do you get your living?

Mr. B. Through the blessings of Providence.

Sir R. Have you no trade?

Mr. B. It is me?—the devil a trade.

Sir R. Were you brought up to no business?

Mr. B. No, by my soul, I was tenderly rared, and my edication was my only patrimony.

Sir R. That sort of money does'nt go far with a man of your inclinations.

Mr. B. (with a laugh) 'Fore God, you're right again; all the larning in the world is no use at the bar. I mane at the bar of a public house, unless, you back it with the circulating medium

Sir R. I'm afraid you have been circulating your earnings through a very improper medium.

Mr. B. Divil a truer word you ever spoke in your life.

Sir R. If I let you go now, you'll set off and get drunk again?

Mr. B. I'll go bail I won't, for I hav'nt a rap in the world; and as for my credit, it's like my coat, worn out.

Sir R. I'm half disposed to try you.

Mr. B. Not for tippling, I hope, your worship; for if you do I'm sure to be found guilty.

Sir R. You seem to be a good-humoured fellow.

Mr. B. There's a pair of us your worship.

Sir Richard laughed, and told Mr. B. to go about his business, and mend his ways.

Mr. B. Before I go, I'll ask you one favor.

Sir R. Well, what is it?

Mr. B. Just to give me a bit of a note to your countryman, Mr. M'Adam, and as I despair of mending my own ways, perhaps he'll give me a job of mending the ways of others.

Sir Richard again laughed, and bid him go out and wait, and he'd endeavor to put him in the high way to industry.

Mr. B. shrugged his shoulders with good humor, and pulling up his unmentionables, trotted out of the office. The worthy magistrate subsequently gave him a letter, which would probably procure for him present occupation.

THE DOG OF EXPEDIENTS.

One of the mountaineers of Auvergne, whose trade is to exhibit live monkies and dancing bears, had also trained a half a dozen dogs to different exercises. One mounted guard with a gun and little sabre; another made perilous leaps; a third jumped like a frog; a fourth, who, clad in a black robe and placed in a chair, maintained a thesis by bowing incessantly at the others, who replied in return, by barking at him. In short this little corps of four footed comedians formed the revenue of their master with two; for mankind pay better for what amuses them, than for lessons of wisdom and prudence. Through a jealousy, too common among people of the same trade, another dealer in bears, poisoned five of the dramatis personæ of his rival, who, afflicted at so serious a loss, (for five dancers cannot be made in a day,) fell sick and took to his bed. Having no means, and being in extreme want, the poor devil had recourse to the following expedient. He trained his remaining Spaniel to carry a billet, on which were written the following verses:

For my sick master in his bed,
Mourning o'er his actors dead,
All whose drollery hath fled,
Kind spectators give me bread.

The animal, who was very sagacious, had learnt his part in less than a week, when his owner said, go *Sapajou* and save the life of your master. *Sapajou* was a little marmozet, that mounted the dog's back and labored with him in his mimic exhibition. The dog accordingly received the monkey on his back, dressed in a rose-colored gown and a blue turban, then guided by the little son of the mountaineer, he went to the place Belle Cour, and crowds ran to see the sport.--On this, the monkey alighted, and seized a stick, drove them to a certain distance where they formed a circle. The ground being clear, the dog performed, by way of prelude, several of his customary tricks—he then danced a minuet with the monkey—he leapt for the King, the Queen, and the Count d'Artois, and at the conclusion of his tricks; he took a hat between his paws, and made a collection, as he solicited respectfully the delighted spectators. The farthings, pennies, and even pieces of silver fell in such abundance, that the sick master got money enough to cure him, and in a little time set up another corps of comedians.

From the London Congregational Magazine.

The Jewish origin of the celebrated Popular Legend,

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable that almost every reader who passed his infantile days in an English nursery, recollects the delight with which he repeated that pururile jingling legend, "The House that Jack built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate.—And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me; and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Congregational Magazine, I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation, as given by P. N. Leberecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in *Sepher Haggadah* fol. 23.

1. *A kid, a kid*, my father bought,
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came *the cat*, and ate the *kid*,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came *the* dog that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came *the staff* and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the the kid,
That my father bought,
For the two pieces of money:
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came *the fire* and burned the staff
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came *the water*, and quenched the fire
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came *the butcher*, and slew the ox
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came *the angel of death*, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came *the Holy One*, blessed be He!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:—

1. The kid, which is one of those pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose meditations the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire, under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens who subdued Palastine, and brought it under the chalibate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Sarecens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengence on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow, the Jews are to be restored to their own land; and live under the government of their long expected Messiah. E. H.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 20, 1831.

COUNTRY AND CITY FUNERALS.

There is usually much more solemnity in country than in city funerals. This is partly owing to the infrequency of burials in the country; and partly to the greater interest which people, in a sparse settlement or in small villages, take in one another's concerns, than where they are crowded together as in large cities. Death never enters a village, without every member of the small community being immediately apprized of his presence, and partaking in a greater or less degree of the sensation that is ever felt at such an event. No sooner does the villager die, than the news is conveyed from house to house; and ere the clay is cold, every one is made acquainted with the event. Every body feels interested, and more or less shocked that death has ventured so near. Even the decease of an enemy or an indifferent person creates in us a sensation of horror, because it comes so near; and because, though the shaft of death has missed us to-day, it may reach us to-morrow. We feel that we are equally exposed to the demands of fate; and when those demands have first required a neighbor, though we can very well spare him, his insignificance or his enmity do not tend in the least to lessen our dread of the impartial messenger.

But when the time of the funeral comes—when the dust is to be consigned to dust—each villager feels himself bound without any invitation—feels himself called upon by nature and by circumstances—to follow the remains of his neighbor to the grave; to aid in rendering the last sad duties to the dead; to be forward in showing a due respect and attention to the memory of a fellow creature. Each one says to himself—If I render not these kind offices to others, who will render them to me when my turn comes. If I do not show a due respect to the remains of my deceased, neighbor how can my surviving neighbor be expected to show a proper regard to mine when I am no more? That kindness which I show to others, I shall in due time want myself. I cannot omit the duties I am now paying, without being chargeable with cold neglect; without being accused with want of feeling.

It is from such causes that country deaths make more impression; and country funerals are, with few exceptions, more numerously attended than city ones. In the city the population is too crowded, for any individual to feel either interest or curiosity in the concerns of all the rest; while, for a like reason, the great body of the people, with some rare exceptions, feel no interest or curiosity in the concerns of any individual. And this is the case as well in relation to the dead as the living; as well in respect to the cold remains as to the active concerns of a fellow citizen. We feel no shock at the announcement of his death; we glance our eyes over the obituary notice, and,—unless we rank ourselves among the particular friends or acquaintance of the deceased—throw down the gazette and think no more of the subject. We feel it neither a part of our interest nor our duty to pay any attention to his remains. Indeed, should we think of doing so, we should be considered as meddlers and intruders by the relatives and friends.

In a great city each individual is too insignificant a fraction to think himself bound to look after all the other fractions, or to expect all the other fractions to concern themselves particularly about him. Though a hundred die in a week, nobody lays it to heart, except a particular friend or relative be taken away. Though death call at the next door, we know it not; and though we meet a hearse in every street, we regard it not. Of those living next door we know nothing; and funerals are too frequent to cause any sensation. We meet a procession, and perhaps ask—Whose funeral is that? Answer—Mr. Such-a-one's. Reply—I know not the man.

There is greater solemnity in the mode of conducting a country funeral than a city one, owing chiefly to the greater simplicity of the former. There is nothing attempted for mere show. The neighbors are drawn together from motives of feeling and respect. There is the farmer come to see deposited in the earth, that, which though sown a corruptible body, he believes "shall be raised an incorruptible" one. There is the mechanic come to witness the entrance of a fellow creature into his narrow house, which he believes is but the gate to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." There is the matron with tearful cheek; and there the maid with dewy eye. There is the aged man leaning on his staff, as he totters on the brink of time; and there is the youth awe-struck at the solemn scene. There is every age and all conditions.

The assembled multitude approach the coffin and look for the last time on its tenant. They mark how great a change has taken place—the eyes how sunk—the skin how pale—the whole face how devoid of expression. A cold chill creeps over the heart while they gaze. And as they retire with devout solemnity, new ones approach to gaze in turn.

When the coffin is closed, there succeeds no rattling hearse, no nodding plumes. All is silent as the grave, all is simple as the wants of nature. A bier is the carriage; and a plain pall, the only decoration. The shoulders of men bear the dead to his home. All the relatives, male and female, follow to the grave—even to the very entrance of "the house appointed for all the living." There are no mourning carriages; there is no "mockery of wo." The procession moves on foot; there is no noise of wheels. All present fall into the ranks without parade and without the necessity of marshalling. They reach the grave; and as the dead is lowered down, they circle round to witness the last rites. The relatives draw near to the brink, and bending forward until the earth covers the coffin, now take that final farewell which their fond feelings would scarcely admit while the beloved object, though cold and insensible, was not wholly removed from sight. Ah! that is a piercing moment—the eyes swim with tears—the throat swells to suffocation—the whole mind is absorbed—the whole frame is agitated—and like Laertes, at the grave of Ophelia, many a mourner is ready to leap in and be coveted up with the dead.

Reader, didst thou ever bury a dear friend? Didst thou ever stand on the brink of the grave, and see the earth closed over the object most loved in the world? If thou hast not, no description can convey to thee a true idea of the scene; if thou hast, every description would fall short of thine own cherished recollections.

To conclude the scene at the grave. The attentive circle continues unbroken until the grave is closed and the earth rounded up. The mourners can then say—It is done—it is finished. All we could we have performed. Rest in peace, beloved friend—thy memory abideth with me. With drooping head and swimming eye, they linger a while on the spot, then slow and solemnly retire.

Such is a country funeral; we need hardly say, how different is a city one. Nobody attends except by invitation, any more than they would attend a feast. A few invited relatives and friends compose the company—if relatives and friends the deceased happen to have. But if a stranger, who is to follow him? Acquaintance and friends he has none; and it is not the business of the multitude to pay any respect to his remains. Possibly he may be followed by two or three of the household where he breathed his last; and it may be, that the physician—who in sickness is ever ready to administer to the stranger as well as the citizen—will kindly be present at his funeral.

But where the relatives and friends are sufficiently numerous, a city funeral is comparatively thinly attended. The solemnity of demeanor is less; the awe of death not so visibly stamped; and the whole scene less impressive. The procession, if such it may be called, consists usually of a few carriages; and a part of these perhaps are used for mere show—containing nobody within, and only adding to the emptiness of an empty spectacle. Those most concerned to follow to the grave, stay at home; females join not the procession; and the wife, the sister and the mother are not present to bedew the grave of their relative. Hired carriages follow the deceased; the hired undertaker conveys the remains to the churchyard; the hired sexton receives and deposits them in the earth; and the last scene, which in a country funeral is of all others the most impressive, here passes off without any feeling; and the cold earth receives the cold remains from persons whose hearts are as cold as either.

Such is a city funeral in what is called a genteel family. The burial of a mechanic is better and more solemnly attended; and we sometimes witness a long procession of this respectable class, without the mummery of carriages and the mockery of hired show. What causes the difference? FASHION, the bane of feeling and the foe to unaffected nature.

WHO'LL BUY A MAP—OF MATRIMONY? We perceive by the Boston Traveller, that Pendleton has published a lithograpic map, or chart, of matrimony, in which all the islands, rocks, shoals, &c. of courtship, are carefully laid down from "Point Proposal" to "Port Hymen." The proceeds of the sale are to be given to a Female Sewing Society.

DOG DAY RHYMES.

How can a man write poetry
This dreadful dog day weather?
How can he put words, thoughts and rhymes
In the same string together?

All day oppressed with lassitude,
I wish the hours away;
I roll and tumble all the night,
And wish again for day.

Again I wish the night would come,
That it may cooler be;
Ten pocket handkerchiefs a day
Are scarce enough for me.

Six handkerchiefs, all wringing wet
With perspiration's dew,
I've thrown aside this very day,
And it is scarcely two.

To shave, to eat—ah! there's the rub—
For eating is a bore;
And as for shaving—by the mass!
The thought of it is sore.

The only task that's feasible,
Is sitting in the shade;
The only pleasure bearable,
Is drinking lemonade.

I would that I a nabob were
In spicy eastern clime,
With twenty natives armed with fans,
All fanning at a time.

I wish, of all inventive schemes
For labor-saving, I
Had some ingeniously contrived
Machine for breathing by.

Then would I calmly pass away
This dreadful dog day weather,
And neither head nor hand employ
In stringing rhymes together.

FALLSTAFF.

MUSQUETO RECIPE.

As the season of musquetoes has arrived, it may not be amiss to give some directions how to get rid of the annoyance of those troublesome *varmints*. It is well known that these animals are provided with a very long beak or proboscis. When, therefore, they approach you, as they always do, head foremost, seize them by the proboscis, wind it round your hand to prevent any slip, and then dash them against a bed post, window-casing, or any other convenient object until, you have fairly beaten the breath out of their bodies; when they will trouble you no more.

Or if you are opposed to taking life, having wound the proboscis round your hand as aforesaid, you may set your foot firmly on the body of the varmint, and with a smart pull deprive him of his beak; after which, for all the purposes of blood-sucking, he is utterly harmless. As however he may possibly go to some manufactory in the neighborhood and supply himself with a new proboscis, the most prudent way undoubtedly is, to beat the breath out of his body, when you have once caught him.

To some persons however—who have "no music in their souls"—the noise of the musqueto is more disagreeable than his bite. To such it may be well to observe, that the musqueto has a sort of musical instrument, resembling a bag-pipe, which he carries under his left wing—we are pretty positive it is the left one—on this subject however, we would recommend the reader to consult the 3d volume of Humbug's Entomology—which is very clear on this point. But, to resume—if you merely wish to get rid of the music, it is only necessary to deprive the musqueto of his bag-pipe, and his music is done.

We hope the above simple methods may be of service to the lovers of quiet, in which case we shall feel ourselves amply rewarded for laying them before the world.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, NEW HAVEN. Mr. Isaac M. Hall, late of the Pearl street House, has taken the Franklin House, in New Haven, which he intends opening on the first of September. With this house is connected the Franklin Hall, with Lecture Rooms, Laboratory and Philosophical Apparatus, a valuable collection of Minerals, &c. &c. rendering it a desirable stopping place for literary and scientific men, as well as for all such as may be pleased to spend a few days or weeks in the beautiful city of New Haven. In regard to the eatables, drinkables and sleepables, every body, who knows Mr. Hall, is convinced he will have the very best.

CHAPLAINS A BEGGING. The Baptist Repository says there were nearly *two hundred* applications for the situation of Chaplain on board the Potomac Frigate, about to sail from this port on a three years' cruise.

"Augustus having t'over sight,
Put on his left shoe'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay."

These are part of the wise observations of the conjurer Sidrophel to Sir Hudibras, when he wished to impress the knight with the importance of his art. Perhaps some punster may demur to the idea of the *left* shoe being put on first—and say it is a contradiction in terms, inasmuch as that which is *left* must of course be *last*. But with the punning gentry, be it known, we hold no terms.

Many persons at the present day are as wise as they were in the days of Sidrophel and Sir Hudibras. Fortune tellers are still employed, and people still delight in being deceived. Gullibility has been one of the most distinguished characteristics of the multitude in all ages. They delight in it, and pay their money with remarkable willingness to all sorts of cheats and mountebanks.

But besides the fondness for resorting to conjurers, they take pleasure in deceiving themselves. They pick up a set of notions, no matter how, and adhere to them with all the tenacity with which ignorance generally clings to whatever it takes on trust. Many people would think themselves ruined in their prospects, were they like Augustus to put on the wrong shoe first. They are more careful to put on first this or that particular part of their clothing whether it be right or left, than they are to say their prayers. They are likewise very particular about their manner of getting into bed and getting out again; it being accounted especially unfortunate to get up backwards—the consequences of which are supposed to be seen, all the ensuing day at least in the ill-temper of the person making the mistake, as well as in every thing he engages in going on wrong end foremost.

LANDER'S JOURNAL. We learn from the London papers that Murray has given the Messrs. Landers 1000 guineas for their Journal in Africa. One of these men originally went out in the capacity of a servant to Captain Clapperton. It is somewhat singular, but highly creditable to their enterprize, that the long-debated and difficult question of the outlet of the Niger should at last be settled by persons in their humble sphere of life.

DRAMATIC. Mrs. Norton has written a Comedy, entitled the School for Coquettes, which was shortly to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London. The managers of that establishment are about reviving some of the old comedies, which have for a long time been as sealed books. Among these is "The Twin Rivals," by Farquhar.

ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A STRONG AUXILIARY. A man, who was praying a while ago at an anxious meeting with something like "a forty parson power," said—"Oh, Lord! come down we entreat thee—enlist on our side—take up arms in the good cause in which we are engaged—shield us against the adversary of souls—for well we are assured, that if thou art on our side, the devil cant do a *hooter!*"

The late acting Secretary in the war department is said to have been a Mr. Robb, formerly a Methodist preacher. The National Journal thinks "his studies and habits cannot have been such as to give him the best qualifications for that new and responsible situation." But surely a man, who has been actively engaged in warring against the devil and all his imps, ought to understand something of military tactics.

The author of the article headed "Coxcomical Conversation" in our last, assures us there is nothing personal in that article—checked pantaloons and dickies, as well as coxcombs, being a very common commodity in New-York.

MR. PETER PANCAKE, living near Harrisburg, Pa. a few days since had a barn burnt *flat* to the ground.

LIQUIDATING A CHURCH DEBT. A late Morristown, New-Jersey, paper contained the following curious notice:—

"The Ladies' Society attached to St. Peter's Church, respectfully give notice, that on the evening of Tuesday, the 26th inst., a variety of REFRESHMENTS will be offered at Mr. Jason King's Hotel. The proceeds to be applied towards liquidating the church debt."

This church debt must doubtless have been a very *dry* subject, and could not fail of being all the better for a thorough *liquid*-ation. The mode adopted by the "Ladies' Society" was altogether a pleasant one—especially if the articles of liquidation were made to consist of Madeira, Champaigne, and A. T. Burgundy. But it might possibly be a bad precedent—inasmuch as it would rather hold out a temptation to incur a church debt for the sole pleasure of so agreeable a liquidation.

History of Poland. This work, which we announced last week as forth coming, is now published, and forms No. XXIV. of Harper's Family Library. It is written by James Fletcher, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambrige; and contains a narrative of recent events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman. Prefixed are some rules for the pronunciation of the Polish language, which will be useful to the reader. It will doubtless be found an exceedingly interesting work.

"M. C." is informed that the "Law Scene" which he was so good as to send us, (from the Norfolk Beacon,) originally appeared in the Constellation.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From the Baltimore Minerva and Saturday Post.

CUFFEE'S LECTURE

ON THE NITROUS OXYDE GAS.

You ladies and geplin what tended my last lechum got some idee ob what brack folks skull made ob; so I guess you dont want to know no more about dat; so I'm gwoin to touch dis chenin on de qualunties ob *Nitus oxygum gas;* so, I susquest your 'ticular attenshum to what I'm gwoin to say. None ob your dont know noting about *kimistery,* so, in de fus place afore I go no furder, I mus tell you dat it is a schiance what animalizes natur, and lets us know de deponant parts ob ebery ting on de animal globe. How you tink de Temperance Society fine out wedder ardunt spirit poisum or not if he no understan' kimistery? You tink he no animalize him, an' show you how much alcohol you dank when you take you grog afore breakfast? I guess you tink so. I tell you what, my friens, if you all understood kimistery as bell as I do, you'd not be taning round Sam Tomson's counter, taking your *julibs* pon a lempty stomach, same like white geplin, who hab no more exercssion den Sam Patch who jump two tousan' feet in de riber, an' at last no come up gin. Well—kimistery, now you know what he is, what you tink ob him? You look at de *latmosspear* you breade—you call him air; I tell you he no such ting, he composed ob scbenty two tousan tuns ob oxygum, twenty-eight tousan tuns ob nitrogum, an' a hogshead full ob carbiomic acid gas; an' ebery man dat walk or tan still, hab a bressure upon he head an' shoulders which de Buzzard Rock no hol' a candle to 'em! What you tink now?—guess you know somating you never neber knowd afore.

You all see dis bag I got here? He hold de nitus oxygum gas which I'm gwoin to gib you soon as I tell you what he is. He compose, 'cording to Doctor Henry, obnitrogum and oxygum in a 'riety ob portions; you breade each ob dese ingrediments by heself, an' I guess you no feel any de better for it, but take him in he present compound state, an' he perfectly inaurnent, only he make some folks behave heself more like a fool den noting else; he sappose de 'riety ob passhums 'longing to the subjec—if you in lob, you soon let us know him—if you feel pugmatious, you make you fis' fly 'bout same like flails—so, now I tell you, min' what you gwoin to do.

Isam, you take him? You take him Cudjo? You, Bill Dabis? Nobody gwoin to take him? What you all come here for den—you come here to make dis suspectable assembly go home widdout knowin' noting? You take him, Dina?

Dina (blushing) I take him if you tink I no act bad.

Golly!—I no guaruntee you any ting, but Pomp an' I hole you when you 'gin to be stropolous. Now, my hearers, you will see de effects ob de nitus oxygum gas upon de lintellec of dis subjec. For why you oben your mous so wide Miss Dina? I no gwoin to put my head in him. Dere—now you take him—you get intoxumcate 'nough, I know. Pomp! 'tan crose by me, dont you see she 'gin to git stropolous? Pull de bag 'way now—pull like de debble—why you no pull nigger? Dere, now let her do just same like she please.

Dina (*looking wildly round the room and singing*)

"Oh! no we nebber mensbum him,
He name is nebber heard—

Ha! ha! I guess some folk tink herself moughty smart. Joe! you no treat me in dat way 'gin, I hab too much 'spect for my cracter—an' you know I hab—so, dont come 'gin cutting your shines 'bout me, you know you bin scandeling me afore Bina Jones! Ha! ha! you tink you smart, do you—(*sings*)

"Fall not in lob, brack gals, beware,
O nebber fall in lob;
You'd better leab monkies—you guess where,
Den ebber fall in lob!"

(Gives a desperate spring into the air and alights in the midst of the audience, causing great excitement among dunstables, bishops and frizzettes.)

Hope nobody hurt dare? (continues the lecturer) Sometimes dey git so 'stropolous, dat de great Hercumlous herself no hol 'em. She quite well now—take your seat Miss Dina. Now, Sambo, you say you like to take him? Come forward den—guess we better tie you wid a rope, for I no like de look ob de orgum behine your ear. Pomp! you tan ready to hole he arm when he go to strike me. Now, Sambo, open your mous—dare, now you got him; 'tan close by me; Pomp—now pull him 'way while I go 'tan out yonder. Take care yourself, ladies an' geplin.

(Pomp tears the bag from Sambo, who, in return knocks him over the paling.)

Sambo—Now is de winter of *our* discontent,
Made glorus summer by dat sun ob New-York,
An' all de crowds dat lowber alobb our head,
Be in bottom ob de oshum burried;
Now be our brows crowded wid victorious wreats,

And——

Lubly Rosa, Sambo come,
Don't you hear de banjo
Tum, tum, tum——

You look at me so, you brack nigger! wid you two eyes same like two tea-cup in a mud-hole. Shut up your mous—you tink I dont know what you comed here for? You see dat gal out yonder? You make disposals ob marriage to her, but she no hab you! Let me get hole you wool you brack rascal!

"My voice he still for war."

(Makes an assault upon the crowd—pell-mell—helter-skelter—cries of the wounded, demolition of a galvanic battery—sad work among the chemical aparatus—explosion of a gas pipe. The whole concluding with a triumphant escort to the watch-house by the guardians of the night.)

ALLEGED MURDER AT SEA.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Charles Brussell, the Saloon Keeper of the Royal Pavillion Theatre, White chapel road, waited on Mr. Ballantine, the presding Magistrate at the Thames Police Office, to give information of a murder committed on the high seas, more than seven years ago, under circumstances of a most extraordinary nature. He said, that in the latter part of 1824, he went out as musician in a ship belonging to the East India Company. In January, 1825, while the ship was lying off the shore at Second Bar, near Canton, the quarter-master committed some offence, by which he incurred the displeasure of the third and fourth officers, who seized on him on the gun deck, fastened a rope round his body, and lowered him down the after hatch way, using him very roughly during the lowering. They then called for the gunner to put him in irons, which was accordingly done, and he was placed in confinement in the spirit room, a very small place, and the door closed upon him. The acting master of the band, who witnessed the manner in which his shipmate was used, said it was a great shame to use a man in that way, and he had no sooner uttered the words than the two officers collared him, put a rope round his body, ironed him, and lowered him by the rope into the same place. Every one was forbidden to give the poor fellow any food. The smallness of the room and heat of the weather must have been dreadful. They continually exclaimed "give us water!" "Open the hatches; let us out!" but their cries were unheeded. Towards morning the cries of the men gradually grew fainter, and they appeared to be quite exhausted. At 6 o'clock in the morning the hatches were unbarred, and the doors were opened, when the quarter-master was brought out suffocated and quite dead. Every attempt was made to restore animation, but without success. The acting master was much exhausted, but he eventually recovered. Collateral circumstances strengthening, this statement being proved to the Magistrates, they have caused rigid inquiries to be made, and the affair, in the course of a week will be investigated.

English Paper.

New mode of procuring Spirits. (From the London Medical Gazette for June 11.) A simple and ingenious method has lately been devised and carried into effect, by which flour, in the formation of bread, is made also to yield a certain quantity of alcohol. A tube communicates with the oven in such a manner as to collect the vapour which rises from the bread during the process of baking. This is then conveyed to another apartment, and made to pass through a worm surrounded by water, where it is condensed. The product is redistilled, and yields about three fourths of an ounce of spirit from each quartern loaf. A patent has been taken out for the contrivance, which is calculated to be of eminent service in reducing the price of bread. We understand that the quartern loaf may be prepared at from one third to one fourth under the usual price, by deducting the profit obtained on the spirit.

From the Barnstable Journal.

The daughter of Col. R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was refused a seat under an awning to hear her father deliver a Fourth of July Oration, because "some black blood was flowing in her veins." While the Colonel was eulogizing American equality and freedom, and repeating that "*all men are born free and equal,*" his daughter for lack of a clear complexion, was compelled to remain in his carriage. In remarking on the above circumstance the Massachusetts Journal relates the following interesting anecdote:—

"It is a singular fact that we *republicans* are abundantly more exclusive in our feelings in this respect than our monarchical neighbors. In England, it is common to see respectable and genteel people open their pews when a black stranger enters the church; and at hotels, nobody thinks it a degradation to have a colored traveller sit at the same table. We have heard a well authenticated anecdote, which illustrates the different state of feeling in the two countries on this subject. A wealthy American citizen was residing at London for a season, which time the famous Mr. Prince Saunders was there. The London breakfast hour is very late; and Prince Saunders happened to call upon the American while his family were taking their morning repast. Politeness and native good feelings prompted the lady to ask her guest to take a cup of coffee—but then *the prejudices of society*—how could she get over *them?* True he was a gentleman in character, manners and dress: but he had a black skin; and how could white skins sit at the same table with him? If his *character* had been as black as hell, the difficulty might be overcome, however reluctantly; but his *skin* being black it was altogether out of the question. So the lady sipped her coffee, and Prince Saunders sat at the window, occasionally speaking in reply to conversation addressed to him. At last all retired from the breakfast-table—and then the lady, with an air of sudden recollection, said, 'I forgot to ask if you had breakfasted, Mr. Saunders! Won't you let me give you a cup of coffee?' 'I thank you, madam,' he replied, with a dignified bow, 'I am engaged to breakfast with the *Prince Regent* this morning!'"

INSTINCT OF A BIRD.

The following was related to us by a gentleman in whom we can place the utmost reliance. We have frequently marked with wonder and admiration the traits of affection displayed by the American Mocking bird towards its young, her untiring efforts to teach them to carol notes scarcely rivalled by any other species of the feathered songsters, and her fond attention when they are encaged by persons who have stolen them from the nest: Yet, there is something novel in the following trait of affection.

A gentleman, the front of whose house was shaded by trees, used every day to watch the actions of a small bird whose nest he could easily distinguish amoag the foliage of a projecting branch. The young birds in the process of time fledged their wings, and flew from branch to branch, in imitation of their parent, until they left the tree and winged their flight fearlessly through the air.—The mother frequently followed them in their flight, but generally remained near the tree, and endeavored by every means to entice them back—but the young truants having found the use of their pinions, soon left her, and nothing more was heard of them. What most surprised the gentleman was that the mother should still inhabit the tree, frequently alighting upon the ground and picking up worms or crumbs, which she bore to the nest. Day after day passed, and still her occupation was the same, and she seldom if ever went out of sight of the tree. At length curiosity prompted the gentleman to ascertain the cause of such strange conduct on the part of the bird.—He accordingly had the nest taken down—it contained a bird fully feathered, which in vain essayed to fly from the place of its birth. On closer examination it was found that the leg of the little prisoner was closely entangled in some horse-hair which lined the interior of the nest. When freed it was unable to fly, though its wings were perfectly fledged.

Jacqueline of Holland. Of the celebrated historical personage, whom Mr. Grattan has made the heroine of his new romance, a cotemporary thus speaks:—"Her history is one of the most remarkable in the whole range of recorded curiosities. She was at one time, though married, neither a wife nor a widow; and at another, though strong in regal spirit, neither a sovereign nor a subject. Mr. Grattan seems to feel that personal interest and enthusiasm in the subject he is sketching, without which the romancer is but the driest and dullest of historians. He has painted her to the life."

SUBTLETY OF LUNATICS.

The subtlety of lunatics, in avoiding the exposure of their weakness, is illustrated as follows. It is told by Erskine in Lord Mansfield's own word's—"A man of the name of Wood had indicted Dr. Monro for keeping him as a prisoner when he was sane. He underwent the most severe examination by the defendant's counsel, without exposing his complaint; but Dr. Bailie having come upon the bench by me, [Lord Mansfield] and having desired me to ask him what was become of the princess, with whom he had corresponded in cherry juice, he showed in a moment what he was.

He answered that there was nothing at all in that, because having been (as every body knew) imprisoned in a high tower, and being debarred the use of ink, he had no other means of correspondence, but by writing his letters in cherry-juice and throwing them into the river which surrounded the tower, where the princess received them in a boat. There existed of course no tower, no imprisonment, no writing in cherry juice, no river, no boat, but the whole was the inveterate fancy of a morbid imagination. I immediately," continued Lord Mansfield, "directed Dr. Monro to be acquitted; but this man. Wood, being a merchant in Philpot lane, and having been carried through the city on his way to the mad house, indicted Dr. Monro over again for the trespass and imprisonment in London, knowing that he had lost his case by speaking of the princess at Westminster; and such," said Lord Mansfield, "is the extraordinary subtlety and cunning of madmen, that when he was cross examined on the trial in London, as he had successfully been before, in order to expose his madness, all the ingenuity of the bar, and all the authority of the court failed to draw from him a single syllable upon that topic, which had put an end to the indictment before, although he had still the same indelible impression upon his mind, as he had signified to those who were near him; but conscious that the delusion had occasioned his defeat at Westminster, he obstinately persisted in holding it back."

Law Magazine.

Town Hall—Paddy and his two Wives.—A gay little fellow, named Patrick Coghlan, from the sister isle, was brought before Mr. Alderman Ansley, in custody of Kinsey, the officer, to answer the charge of deserting his wife and child, to become chargeable to the parish of St. Olave's.

The wife, Julia, a very decent body, having stated that Paddy had deserted her for the last fortnight, went on to say that she had learnt he was since married to another woman—"God pardon his *sowl* for it, for herself was married to him nine years since, at the Cathol'c chapel of Bristol, had brought him three fine children;" and one of them stood by her side, a girl eight years of age.

Alderman Ansley—Now Master Coghlan, how comes this about? Are you really married to another woman?

Paddy (scratching his head)—Faith and I am, your Worship, worse luck to me—I'm kilt entirely with the thoughts of it—(here Paddy threw a sheep's eye at his wife, and continued)—I'm a *mis*fortunate man, and the *divil's* in the women, sure enough, for making me fond o' them. Well, then, I won't be troubling your Worship long; but your Honour must be tould that I was at Whitsuntide fair, and the ladies got tickling me till I was'nt myself at all at all; and I—I—I got bothered, and I—och! blood-and-oons, saving your Worship's presence, it's no use to *concale* it I married one of 'em next morning at Camberwell church—but (raising his voice to a shout) "as I'm a sinner, your Worship, I never bolded with her, and won't do the like again."

"Paddy, Paddy!" exclaimed the wife, "don't be telling me a lie about the bed. I'll like ye worse for it; ounly say ye'll never do the likes o' that again, and I'll forgive you. You've been a good boy to me many a day; ax his Honour's pardon, and mine, and I'll pray for your sins, and there'll be no more about it."

The laughter occasioned having subsided, at the request of the wife, the testament was handed to Paddy; who, kissing it with reverence, fell upon his knees, and vehemently protested never to be tickled again by any lady but his own wife; to cherish her and his child as long as he lived, and abstain from all unlawful delights, especially on Whitsunday.

It appears, however, that he actually was married a second time.

A tough Story. "An old pilot of the Moluccas," says Pigafetta, "assured me of a verity that they had pigmies there who dwelt in caverns, and had ears so very long that they slept upon one, and covered themselves with the other." No bad hint for Brother Jonathan.

From the Encyclopedia Americana.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Was born in 1757, in the Island of Nevis. His father was a native of England, and his mother of the island. At the age of 16, he became a student of Columbia college, his mother having emigrated to New-York. He had not been in that institution more than a year, before he gave a brilliant manifestation of the powers of his mind, in the discussion concerning the rights of the colonies. In support of these he published several essays, which were marked by such vigor and maturity of style, strength of argument, and wisdom and compass of views, that Mr. Jay, at that time in the meridian of life, was supposed, at first, to be the author. When it had become necessary to unsheath the sword, the ardent spirit of young Hamilton would no longer allow him to remain in academic retirement; and before the age of 19, he entered the American army with the rank of captain of artillery. In this capacity he soon attracted the attention of the commander-in-chief, who appointed him his aid-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This occurred in 1777, when he was not more than 20 years of age. From this time he became the inseparable companion of Washington during the war, and was always consulted by him, and frequently by other eminent public functionaries, on the most important occasions. He acted as his first aid-de camp at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, and, at the siege of Yorktown, he led, at his own request the detachment that carried one of the enemy's outworks, October 14, 1781. In this affair he pisplayed the most brilliant valor. After the war, Colonel Hamilton, then about 24, commenced the study of the law, as he had at that time a wife and family depending upon him for support. He was soon admitted to the bar. In 1782, he was chosen a member of Congress from the state of New-York, where he quickly acquired the greatest influence and distinction, and was always a member and sometimes a chairman of those committees to which were confided such subjects as were deemed of vital interest to the nation. The reports which he prepared are remarkable for the correctness and power which characterize every effort of his pen. At the end of the session, he returned to the practice of his profession in the city of New-York, and became eminent at the bar. In 1786 he was chosen a member of the legislature of his state, and was mainly instrumental in preventing a serious collision between Vermont and New-York, in consequence of a dispute concerning territorial jurisdiction. He was elected a delegate of New-York to the convention which was to meet at Philadelphia, in order to form a constitution for the United States. As the doors of the convention were closed during its sittings, and its records have never been given to the world, it is not possible to state the precise part which he acted in that body. It is well ascertained, however, that the country is at least as much indebted to him for the excellence of the constitution, as to any other member of the illustrious assembly. Hamilton and Madison were the chief oracles and artificers. After the adoption of the constitution by the convention, he associated himself with Mr. Madison and Mr. Jay, for the purpose of disposing the public to receive it with favor. The essays which they wrote with that design, addressed to the people of New-York, during the years 1787 and 1788, are well known under the name of the *Federalist*, and contributed powerfully to produce the effect for which they were composed. The larger portion of them was written by Hamilton. In 1788 he was a member of the State Convention of New-York, which met to deliberate on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and it was chiefly in consequence of his efforts that it was accepted. On the organization of the Federal Government, in 1789, he was appointed to the office of Secretary of the Treasury. This was a situation which required the exercise of all the great powers of his mind; for the public credit was, at that time, in the lowest state of depression; and, as no statistical account of the country had ever been attempted, its fiscal resources were wholly unknown. But before Hamilton retired from the post, which he did after filling it during somewhat more than five years, he had raised the public credit to a height altogether unprecedented in the history of the country, and by the admirable system of finance which he established had acquired the reputation of one of the greatest financiers of the age. His official reports to Congress are considered as master pieces, and the principles which he advocated in them still continue to exercise a great influence in the revenue department of the American government. Whilst secretary of the treasury, he was, *ex officio*, one of the cabinet counsellors of President Washington; and such was the confidence reposed by that great man in his integrity and ability, that he rarely ventured upon any executive act or movement without his concurrence. He was one of the principal advisers of the proclamation of neutrality issued by Washington in 1793, in consequence of an attempt made by the Minister of France to cause the United States to take part with his country in the war then waging between it and England. This measure he defended in a series of essays, under the signature of *Pacificus*, which were successful in giving it popularity. In 1795, Hamilton resigned his office, and retired to private life, in order to be better able to support a numerous family by the practice of his profession. In 1798, however, when an invasion was apprehended from the French, and the provisional army had been called into the field, his public services were again required. President Adams had offered the chief command of the provisional army to Washington, who consented to accept it on condition that Hamilton should be chosen second in command, with the title of inspector general. This was accordingly done; and, in a short time, he succeeded in bringing the organization and discipline of the army to a high degree of excellence. On the death of Washington, in 1799, he succeeded, of course, to the chief command. The title of lieutenant-general, however, to which he was then entitled, was, from some unexplained cause, never conferred on him. When the army was disbanded, after the cessation of hostilities between the United States and France, General Hamilton returned again to the bar, and continued to practise, with increased reputation and success, until 1804. In June of that year, he received a note from Colonel Burr,—between whom and himself a political feud become a personal enmity,—in which he was required, in offensive language, to acknowledge or disavow certain expressions derogatory to the latter. The tone of the note was such as to cause him to refuse to do either, and a challenge was the consequence. July 11, the parties met at Hoboken, and on the first fire Hamilton fell, mortally wounded, on the same spot where, a short time previously, his eldest son had been killed in a duel. He lingered until the afternoon of the following day, when he expired. The sensation which this occurrence produced throughout the United States had never been exceeded on this continent. Men of all political parties felt that the nation was deprived of its greates ornament. His transcendent abilities were universally acknowledged; every citizen was ready to express confidence in spirit of honor and his capacity for public service. Of all the coadjutors and advisers of Washington, Hamilton was, doubtless, the one in whose judgment and sagacity he reposed the greatest confidence, whether in the military or civil career; and, of all the American Statesmen, he displayed the most comprehensive understanding and the most varied ability, whether applied to subjects practical or speculative. A collection of his works was issued in New-York, in three octavo volumes some years after his death. His style is nervous, lucid and elevated; he excels in reasoning, found'd on principles and historical experience. General Hamilton was regarded as the head of the federalists in the party divisions of the American republic. He was accused of having preferred, in the convention that framed the federal constitution, a government more akin to the monarchial; he weakened the federal party by denouncing President Adams, whose administration he disapproved, and whose fitness for the office he questioned. —But his general course, and confidential correspondence, show that he earnestly desired to preserve the constitution, when it was adopted and that his motives were patriotic in his proceedings towards Mr. Adams. Certain it is, that no man labored more faithfully, skilfully and efficiently, in organizing and putting into operation the federal government.

The late Mr. Huskisson. A tablet of white marble, bearing the following inscription, has been erected at Parkside, near Newton:—

"THIS TABLET,

A tribute of personal respect and affection, has been placed here to mark the spot where, on the 15th of September, 1830, the day of the opening of this Railroad,

The Right Hon. William Huskisson, M. P. (Singled out by the decree of an inscrutable Providence, from the midst of the distinguished multitude that surrounded him,) in the full pride of his talents and the perfection of his usefulness, met with the accident which occasioned his death, which deprived England of an illustrious Statesman, and Liverpool of its most honoured representative, which changed a moment of the noblest exultation and triumph, that science and genius had ever achieved, into one of desolation and mourning, and striking terror into the hearts of assembled thousands, brought home to every bosom the forgotten truth that 'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

Manchester Chronicle.

From the Monthly Magazine.

FATHER MURPHY'S ELECTION SERMON.

You are all called here to-day, boys, in regard of the word of truth, and the rights of ould Ireland. Mind what I say to you. The sorrow's the use of spaking what's all as one as gospel, unless you attend to me, and go away with something in your heads that a comb couldn't take out.

Did you ever hear of one Sir Joseph Yorke? To be sure you didn't; I'll answer for you. Now, I want to show you how quare things come about, and how them that speaks agin the blessed sod, more or less, are sure of coming in for their ha'purth of shame one day or another. Sir Joseph Yorke was a minber of Parliament, and a frolicking fellow he was, that thought no more of saying what kem uppermost in his mouth, than you would think of making a bowl of broth out of a bull turkey and a whisp of cabbage. Well, this Sir Joseph Yorke once took it into his old noggin to tell them in the House of Commons, that there was only one way to settle Ireland—and what way do you think that was? I suppose, poor sowls, you think he told them to send us over plenty to eat and to drink, and enough of money to swear by, and something over. It's there you're out, every mother's son of you. No such thought was upon him; but I'll tell you what he told them, "Take Ireland," says he, (just as if it was a sod of turf, or a lump of a stone, or a dead dog,) "and souse it under the water of the sea for four and twenty hours, and I'll be bound," says he, slapping the table with his dirty hand, "that when you take it up again, it will be as quiet as a mouse." Och! then boys, did you hear the like o' that since the creation of the world? Sure enough, you'd be as quiet as mice if you were buried under water half the time, but you see he forgot in regard of the church that it wasn't in him to drown the Holy church, which couldn't be drowned, or burnt, or turned upside down, or molested in any manner whatever, by him or any of his sort; and if he had dared to sink ould Ireland, the cross of the world would rise through the water if it was twice as deep, and the clargy would come up along with it, and they'd walk over the sea ever till they'd come to England, and there they'd make such a tearing ruction about their ears, that they'd soon be glad to fish up the place again, and put it just where they found it without as much as a riut of an ould skreed of grass upon it. Well, but what happens this same Yorke the other day, boys? Now, I give you leave to guess until you wont have as much of a guess left in you as'd shew the way from this to Terry Phelan's blind mill beyont the bridge. Why, what do you think should happen him, but that instead of drowning ould Ireland, which he couldn't drown, an' let him try his best, he was drowned himself the other day as easy and complete as you please, while he was out pleasuring himself in the middle of as fine a morning as ever was seen in the habitable globe. Not a word of lie I'm telling you, but the plain truth. And isn't it thrue for me after this terrible lesson, that them that speaks ill of the country will come to the bad at last. Down he went like a brick bat from an ould house that was trembling, and there was no more heard of him, of course, by reason of his being drowned entirely. Isn't that to teach you how you lend yourselves to speeches and hard words upon the mother of you all, and to prove that it isn't for the likes of you to turn traitors, when even them that are not belonging to you at all arn't safe in their beds, or in the road, or on the land, or the water, by day or by night, when they throw the dirty slander upon the blessed sod. Sure when the poor wanderer that suffered for many a long day in foreign places kem home in the long run, and his people wouldn't know him, or help him, or do a kind turn for him, because they got proud, and turned their backs upon ould times, the murrian kum immediately upon the cattle of them, and the children died away like rotten stalks, and the ould fell sick, and there wasn't as much as a tester left to burry them, nor a sowl to keen over the dead. And here's the song of the poor crethur that kum home, and was refused a bit of bread at the door—it's all from Scripture, boys, and as thrue as you're there—

"Ireland's eye!—the world's wonther!—
Rourke's daughter that was married to Thunther!"

Roorke, you see, was the man that shut the door in the poor crether's face.

"Ireland's eye!—[I'm reading it again]—the world's wonther!
Rourke's daughter that was married to Thunther!
I called down to see you, neighbors, nigh the sea brink,
But not one among you had the goodness for to offer me a drink."

That's a parable, Mrs. Doyle, and I am glad to see the tears standin' in your eyes upon the hearing of it. Never a curse of the kind will kum upon you if you only do what's right, and shame the divil.

The next thing I have to say to you—and I hope you'll pay attention to me—[I don't care if I do help you out with that same side of bacon that's breaking its heart in the chimney these three months, Shamas Langan—mind to send me a piece soon by way of a sample.]—What was I going to say? Ay, so I was. Well, you know, boys, there's a general election all over the country, and the king's writs are coming down to us as fast as beast can carry them, and every man that has a vote in the place is to come forward and vote for the king.

Now isn't it the wonder of the world to hear me, Father Murphy, that's teaching you these five and twenty years, be same more or less, that it was lawful and proper in you all to do what you pleased to any king, except the Pope and Dan O'Connell, that you happened to catch after nightfall—isn't it wonderful, I say, to hear me telling you to give three cheers for the king; and what's more than that, nine cheers for the queen; and as many as you choose for the constitution? Isn't it as much as to say that Prince Hohenlo has wrought some blessed miracle upon the country; and, like Aaron's rod, that made five gallons of raal poteen run down like water from the top of a big rock, when a whole heap of poor Catholics were famishing below, that I'm after pointing the tip of my little finger at the king, and the queen, and the cabinet council, and making them overflow with plenty and lashin* of the best of every thing? Sure you wouldn't believe it, only you see it. Then I'll tell you what it is; the Millenium's come. May be you don't know what the Millenium is? Hard for you, my dear children, when beef is four pence-halfpenny a pound, and you can't get better vegetables than the tops of the potatoes. How could you tell the Millenium from any other common Sunday in the year? But never mind going too deep into it. It's not for the likes of you to be bothering yourselves with such abstruse mathematics as that.

Well, now that the General Election's come, and that the Millenium is upon us, Lord save us, before we know where we are, just like Mrs. Hagarty's christenings, every nine months—[oh! I see you, Bryan, you needn't be trying to duck your head behind Tim Fanahy—are my boots done yet? To be sure they're not. Where do you expect to go when you die? To purgatory of course. Troth, if you don't send me home the same boots before breakfast to-morrow morning, I'll write off about you to-night, and make them keep the door barred and bolted for your sake.] I say now is the time for you all, boys honey, to show yourselves men. Stand up for your rights, and remember that there isn't one of you that may not, one day or other, have a monument of real marble with your name upon it in letters of gold. Think of that, Myles Rielly, with your one eye, and hould up your head like a pathriot.

I've just got a letter from the Pope, in which his Holiness expressly desires me in Latin to hould a jubilee *when the election's over*, and to give indulgence for a year and a day to every one of you that votes for Reform. And never fear but I'll do it, and welcome, and if the bit of paper happens to be worn out in the red waistcoats of you before the year is fairly over, sure if you behave yourselves I might give you another bit of paper that'd carry you on through the winter after next, so that the world'd be wondering at the good luck you'd have. But in regard to the Reform, I'll tell you what that is before I go any farther.

Come over, Luke Mulloney, 'till I have a bit of goster with you. What do you call that dirty looking thing like a shoeing horn, you've got between your finger and thumb, as if you were afraid it'ud burn you? Spake up that the congregation may hear you.

Luke. This, your reverence?

Father Murphy. Yov're mighty 'cute at a guess, Luke;—that's exactly what I mean.

Luke. Musha! Sure it's my ould caubeen,† your reverence.

Father Murphy. And what's become of the crown of it Luke?

Luke. Is it the kiver you'rs meaning? Troth then, your reverence, that's more than myself could till you. It's many a long day since the kiver and I parted company, and never a saw I saw it since.

Father Murphy. And what's the use of it upon the head af ye, Luke, when it won't keep out the wet?

Luke. Och! salvation to me, your reverence, if ever I put it on my head at all.

Father Murphy. And what do you do with it, Luke?

Luke. Why, then, don't I carry it in my fist

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* The hyperbole of abundance.
† Hat.

on a Sunday to the chapel, your reverence, for the dacency of it?

Father Murphy. And you carry the brogues in the other hand, Luke?

Luke. Not a word of lie in it, Sir; the brogues would'nt be worth picking out of the dirt, if I was to carry them on my feet. They'd be like a bit of brown paper in no time, your honor, if I was to walk upon them.

Father Murphy. But, Luke, you could get another pair when these would be done with, and you could buy yourself a nice new hat, with wool a foot long every fair day?

Luke. It's divarting yourself with me, saving your holy presence, your reverence is this blessed morning. Where would I get the means of buying another pair of brogues, since I haven't as much money as I could cross myself with, an' what's more, never had. Faix, the king's face is a stranger to me, unless I see it in a turnip, or an apple *piatee*.

Father Murphy. You're a smart fellow, Luke, and you'll be a great man yet. Now, boys, did you hear what Luke said, and he hasen't the means to buy a new pear of brogues? Well that's the very reason why you're to vote for Reform. It's two pair of brogues each, and plenty of blue cloth coats, with yellow buttons, and yellow waistcoats, and buckskin breeches, and blue stockings, and speckled handkerchiefs, and the mischief and all of things you'll have upon ye when you get reform. [An universal buzz of wonder throughout the chapel, which communicates to the groups outside, and when it has made the circuit of the multitude grows into one loud, long shout for his reverence."] Asy, Asy, boys—hush! now that'll do—I haven't done with reform yet. There's Mr. Cahill that keeps the academy over against the slate quarry.—(I see you, Mr. Cahill, don't be ashamed of your good works, and leave off drawing the nails out of your fingers with your teeth.) Now, Mr. Cahill isn't able to put a roof to his college where you get the best of learning for little or nothing. But where the reform is settled, there isn't a slate in the whole quarry that won't be mounted on the top of the place; and Mr. Cahill himself, and he's deserving of it, will have a garron* for the women that own's him, and be able to keep a cow, and may be have a little corner in the baggard for a still of his own. That's what reform will do for you—but don't shout yet.

You remember the time that every one of you that could stick a spade in the ground was a freeholder.—Well, the time is coming when you'll all have votes again, and more than that, when the child that's coming home shall have a vote, if you can only swear that you're sure it'll be a boy—(mind that Mrs. Rorke, and I wish you an asy time of it.)

Now, don't you think it's worth while to get enough to eat and drink, without putting yourselves to the trouble of going to sea in the harvest time to look for work? To be sure you do, I'll answer for you. Well, when you get reform, the corn will be growing up under your feet, and before you can turn round it'll be baked into loaves for you; there'll be more potatoes in the country than you can eat, and you'll be obliged to give them to the pigs, for they'd take root over again, and run away with the land from you: and as to the poultry, and the sheep, and the drop of drink, troth I'm thinking it's proud and lazy you'll be getting with the plenty that'll be staring you out of countenance. Never a 'ruction will you have, but amongst yourselves. As to the tithe-proctors, they'll bury themselves with their own tools, and you'll never be put out of your way again by one of the dirty blackguards. All the schools that come down from Kildare-street will fall away like the dust; and you'll never hear of a bishop except bishop Doyle and myself, for with a blessing and my health to wear it, I'll be a bishop then. In regard to the pohce they'll all go back to England, for you know they're not natural to us, even the best of them. As to the matter of rents, the landlords will all come begging and beseeching of you to keep your little tenements, and to take as much land as you can ride over in a day's walk, and they'll leave the price entirely to your own honor, so that you can have your holding as cheap as dirt. Then you'll have no clergy to pay but your own; and you may send your children where you like; and you'll consume all your own eggs, and butter, and beef, and pork, instead of sending them out of the country to get money for your rack-rents, and leaving yourselves, like the robin red-breast in the winter, without a morsel of food to keep the sign of life in ye.

But you're wondering all this time why I don't say something about the *repale*. If you weren't a set of gossons.* you'd know very well that the *repale* is trotting after reform, just like my dog Pincher, that's eternally treading on the heels of my ould horse. Go where I will, Pincher's after me—and so is the *repale* of the Union after the reform. Troth it's as fast upon reform as if it was its shadow. Do you think Dan O'Connell dosn't know what he's about? Let him alone, and you'll see how shy he'll make them look, just as if they'd lost their tails. But, mind what I'm saying to you. You're not to let out one word about the *repale*, until after the elections; for Dan is so deep that he'll first catch the Orangemen in a trap, and when he has them there, I'll give you leave to go three weeks without mass, and to miss the Easter dues, if he doesn't pin them to the *repale*. And won't you do what Dan bids you? As certain as the flowers in May, you'll all be gentlemen and ladies when the *repale* comes. You'll have your own horses, and your own cattle, and you'll have your own Parliament that won't betray ye, but that'll just do whatever you please, and clap all the loose hands into the Excise, and the fat of the land will be flowing upon you like new milk. Oh! what a murthering country will Ireland be, when we've got the *repale*. I'll be bound there isn't one of you now that won't be going up to Dublin when the Parliament's sitting, and, when you're away, the soil will be running mad with all the crops that'll be breaking their necks growing up so fast for you, against you come back. And may be you won't come home with new gowns for the wives, and stockings for the children, and the world knows what all, of ribbands, and rings, and brooches. (Don't be tittering, Mary Ryan; it's all in store for you, and the sooner the better. Indeed you'll be picking your steps yet, like a kitten in a shower of rain.)

You see, my boys, the sense of the thing is this.—We must first get reform; we must put out all the Orangemen at the elections. Well when we've done that, the king is to ask Dan what he'll have next, and Dan is to say, that he leaves it entirely to himself; but that's only making pretence, for immediately after that Dan is to make a great speech—you'll see it at full length in the *Register*, if you've grace—and then the next news will be that Dan is to have it all his own way, and to get the royal command, as it were to have a parliament in Dublin, and then all the true gentry'll come forward, and never was such a sight seen in the memory of man as there'll be that day in Ireland. That's the reason that Dan is keeping himself so quiet, for fear he'd spoil what's coming —("Three cheers for Dan"—a simultaneous cry from the multitude.)

And do you think, when you've a parliament of your own, that ther'll be such doings at the elections as there was in the ould times? No such thing.—Never a man will show his face that isn't a friend to the people. There'll be no soldiers to keep you from voting for your own friend, and there'll be no landlords to drive you out if you vote against them. Besides, your're to vote all as one as if every body's eyes were shut, and nobody could see who you voted for; and so that there'll be nothing but fair play, and fair play's a jewel. Then, instead of voting as you do now, every four or five years, you'll have a vote every year, or oftener, may be; for our parliament will be like a bed of onions, it'll last till the year's out, and then you'll sow the seed again. (When's the wedding to be, Pady Farrel? It is'nt clear to me, but you're tasing the soul out of the little girl for nothing at all. I'll be after coming down to you tomorrow night, so mind and have the kettle schreeching on the hob at eight o'clock, you divil!)

Now, boys, after what I've told you, what'll you vote for? For the lives of ye, don't say, when you're asked the question, that you'll vote for the *rupale*, yet a while—but say that you vote for reform. That's the word. May be there's some of ye never heard of reform before? Then the more's your merit for making much of it now. Sure it's a token you've the true faith in you. St. Peter voted for reform, and this is St. Peter's parish, and the chapel, you're standing in, for there's no seats for ye to sit upon—all in good time for the seats any way! this chapel is built on a rock, and so is our church; and that's another reason why you should vote for reform. Only it 'ud be demeaning him, St. Peter would come down among ye, and vote for Dan just like one of yourselves, without the least pride, for he's no upstart. only you see it's mighty busy he is, but he's watching you for all that; and there's never a one of you that gives a wrong vote that he won't remember it, when you're coming to him to beg of him to show you the short cut to purgatory, to save you going round. And now, boys, disperse yourselves and keep the tongue in the mouths of ye, in regard to what I told you this day. The mother of all the saints be with you this night. It's myself that mortified myself day and night for your sakes, but my kingdom's before me, and the trouble's a pleasure when we get our rewards for it. Vote for reform boys. It'll be as good as board and lodging for nothing for you. It'll put the clothes on your back, and the bread in your mouths, and it'll make ould Ireland as free as if she was nothing but a butterfly flying for the bare life for ever and ever through the air. Three cheers for reform, boys, and then go your ways as I bid you. (Three cheers accordingly.) Come back, you spalpeens, is that the way you're slinking off with yourselves? It lately come to ye to forget Dan! (A roar and a multitudinous number of cheers for Dan.) Hullabaloo! and you're off again like shot out of a shovel. Come back again I tell you, and look at me. Oh! I suppose there's nobody else that's deserving of a cheer. Now, I'm burned, but I b'lieve you think you're all reformers complete, and that the world wide couldn't match you for the larning. But who enlightened you upon it? who told you that the millenium was come, and——(The idea is caught up by the grateful auditory, and before the priest can finish the sentence, an indescribable tumult of voices transmits the name of Father Murphy to the astonished welkin.)

* Horse.

* An Irish equivalent for boy or servant

VARIETY.

A Slip between the Cup and the Lip. One night lately an occurrence took place in a cottage near the village of Poolewe, on the West coast, which occasioned at first some alarm. A decent cottager's wife, who has a fair daughter, of whom she is somewhat proud and "vauntie," invited the captain and mate of an English vessel then lying in the neighboring bay, to enter her hut and partake of her humble hospitality.—The parties gladly obeyed, and enjoyed themselves till the evening, when cards and cream were produced, and a candle was lighted. The candlestick, however, could nowhere be found, and the landlady, unwilling to keep her visiters in the dark, placed the "luminary" in a bottle which she found among the papers an lother stray effects of her husband, who was at that time in Inverness. "All went as merry as a marriage bell" for an hour or two, t ll the candle burned down, and the remainder falling into the bottle, the latter went off "like a cannon ball," says our correspondent, "quite through the roof, the bottle being half full of gunpowder." A piece of the bottle went into the Captain's arm and wounded him severely, while another fragment coming keen as a north-wester in the teeth of the mate, struck the glass out of his mouth. The rest of the crew, who were in the vessel in the bay, hearing the report of the explosion, and fancying the Captain had fired a gun to apprise them that he wished to return on board, were at the spot in an instant, accompanied by a posse of dogs and neighbors whom the report had aroused. They met the Captain and mate in full retreat, under the pursuasion that they had been invited by the kindly cotter's wife for no other purpose than to be Burked and plundered. An explanation afterwards took place, to the sorrow and derision of the honest woman, but not to the entire satisfaction of the Englishman, who could not fairly appreciate this unlucky instance of Highland hospitality. Dumfries paper.

Danger of Insincerity. The Empress Eudocia, amidst all the grandeur of so elevated a station, led a very studious and philosophic life, and lived very happily, till a trifling accident exposed her to the jealousy of her husband.

The Emperor, it is said, having sent her an apple of an extraordinary size, she sent it to Paulinus, whom she respected on account of his learning. Paulinus, not knowing from whom it came, presented it to the emperor, who, soon after seeing the empress, asked her what she had done with the apple? Eudocia being apprehensive of raising supicions in her husband, if she should tell him that she had given it to Paulinus, very unwisely declared that she had eaten it. Her confusion may easily be conceived, when the emperor produced the apple, and indignantly gave vent to his suspicions of the motives which had led to the present, and her disengenuous concealment of it. He ordered Paulinus to be put to death: but allowed Eudocia to retire to Jerusalem, where she spent many years in the most irreproachable manner, and distinguished herself by her acts of charity and beneficence.

Quoth Charlie to Thomas, by way of a joke,
The Duels in Clare have all ended in *smoke*,
He is wrong, remarked Tom, to an old College Soph,
I'er the heroes themselves, not the pistols, *went off*.

Lorenzo Dow. Every body has heard of the celebrated Lorenzo Dow, that boisterous, eccentric, coarse, long-bearded itinerant preacher, who has travelled about the country these forty years. haranguing the people and drawing multitudes after him wherever he goes. He is skilled to perfection in all sorts of contrivances by which to chain down his hearers to his long winded sermons. He carries his rude expressions and singular contortions of countenance to such a pitch as often to excite risibility in the most devout, while at the same time he fastens the attention of the most stupid: a whole congregation is frequently convulsed with laughter by some of his odd phrases. The following was related to us, by a gentleman who was present on the occasion, and assured us that he never saw a congregation more quiet during a sermon in his life.

About two thousand persons were assembled together in a large meeting-house in a village not twenty miles from Boston. Old Lorenzo, wrapped up in a half-worn green baize blanket, entered, and after much elbowing through the crowd, succeeded in ascending the pulpit stairs, and after taking a full survey of the multitude, addressed them as follows; Fellow sinners: I say here fellow sinners I understand from your minister, that you are in the habit of getting up and going out of the meeting house, and otherwise disturbing the congregation, while he is preaching, and he wishes me to give you a lecture on the subject, and I shall now begin my sermon by dividing you into three different classes, to wit: the good, the bad, and the tag-rag and bobtail, and any one, that leaves this house during the present services, him or her I shall call bobtail. Lorenzo spoke over two hours, and not a soul—man, woman or child, dared to stir from their seats, and on winding up his discourse he congratulated them because there were no bobtails in his congregation. Suffice it to say that the minister who made the complaint never had any difficulty with his congregation afterwards. Portsmouth State Herald.

Over the garden-gate of a ladies' seminary, is the neighborhood of London, there is painted in large characters—'Man-traps set on these premises.' A wag, who was passing, chalked beneath the notice—'*Vir Gins.*' Whereupon he was taken before a magistrate by a police officer. Being put upon his defence for thus defacing the wall of a respectable establishment, he argued, 'the *Vir* was the Latin for *Man*, and *Gin* the English for *Trap*; *ergo*, that *Virgin* was only another word for *Man-trap*, though the fact might be that it was a highly inappropriate term, and ought not to be used. The magistrate posed, and the man was sent about his business, with a hint to beware lest he should be caught in his own description of trap, as he might expect no mercy if he were.

Female Courage. With respect to courage, the author of 'L'Apologie de beau Sexe,' relates a story, which if true, has seldom been equalled by man. A servant girl of Lisle, remarkable for her fearless disposition, laid a wager that she would go into a charnel-house at midnight, with a light, and bring from thence a dead man's skull. Accordingly at the appointed time she went; but the person with whom she had made the bet, intending to terrify her, had gone before, and hid himself in the place. When he heard her descend and take up the skull, he called out in a hollow dismal voice, 'Leave me my head!' The girl instead of discovering any symptoms of horror or fright, very coolly laid it down and said, 'Well, there it is then,' and took up another; upon which the voice repeated, 'Leave me my head!' But the heroic girl observing it was the same voice that had called before, answered in her country dialect,—'Nae, nae, friend, ye cannot ha' twa heads!'

London Chit-Chat. At a late Meeting of the London Horticultural Society, *Lady* Cochrane was elected a *Fellow* of the society.

The only difference between the whigs now and those of fifty years ago is, they were then *Fox*-hounds, and now they are *Grey*-hounds.

One of the 15 Judges (the magical number 12 is at an end) was lately drawn for the Militia; and, strange to say, though practising Barristers are exempt, Judges are not, and his Lordship, therefore, was obliged to provide a substitute.

It is a singular thing how the prophesies of fools are sometimes verified by chance. The last summer there was confined in the Mendicity Asylum at Paris, an old fool, who called herself Queen of France. She boasted that she kept Charles X. under her protection, and used to delare that, at her death, he should cease to reign. She died on the 25th of July, in the evening; on the 29th the reign of the Bourbons had ceased forever.

One of the guards of the Liverpool coaches, seeing a steam engine move somewhat slowly along the rail road, called out to the stoker, "I say, Jem, what's the use of your simmering along at that 'ere jog-trot: come, can't you boil us up a gallop?"

Anecdote.—The Editor of the Worcester Yeoman, in a flattering notice of our Address to the Free People of Colour, relates the following anecdote of a black soldier at Bunker Hill. We give his introductory paragraph on the prejudices of the day:

"The prejudices against the color of the skin are of long standing, and deep rooted; but the cruel, unjust and unreasonable distinction, which prevails in this respect, is so inconsistent with the republican spirit of our country, and with the *Declaration of Independence* itself, that there is reason to believe, it will be overcome by the increasing attention of the people to the subject, the means made use of, and the moral revolution, which in other respects is pervading our land.

Mr. G. speaks of the active part which some of the colored people took in the revolution.—We recollect an anecdote illustrative of the courage and effect attending the conduct of a black man in the famous Bunker Hill battle.

Major Pitcairn, the most intrepid of the British officers, and the one who led the British at the Concord battle, was slain by a shot from a black man by the name of Peter, otherwise called Peter Salem, who, when Pitcairn mounted the embankment, and imprously cried out to his men, 'by G—d, the day is ours,' took deliberate aim and shot him dead.'

TO LADIES.

WARREN'S Celebrated Milk of Roses a beautiful and innocent article for the Complexion. Superior Cologne, Lavender, Rose, & Bay water. Otto of Roses, Macassar, Oil Fancy Soaps, & a general assortment of Perfumery of the best quality, constantly for sale at reasonable prices by Dr. L. S. COMSTOCK. 26 Fulton & 35 Division St.

NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY. Extra Class No. 24, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, the 24th of Aug., 1831, at half past 4 P.M. 66 number Lottery 10 drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$40,000 is	$40,000
1		10,000	10,000
1		6,000	6,000
1		4,104	4,104
1		3,000	3,000
1		2,000	2,000
10		1,000	10,000
10		800	8,000
10		600	6,000
10		500	5,500
10		400	4,000
20		200	4,000
11		150	6,600
36		100	3,600
56		70	3,920
56		60	3,360
56		50	2,800
112		40	4,480
2184		10	52,416
15480		5	184,800
18,040 prizes,		amounting to	366,800

YATES & M'INTYRE, *Managers.*

ALL HAIL SCHUYLER'S LUCKY PALACES OF FORTUNE!—Two Capital prizes sold by Schuyler in succession! Drawing of the New York Lottery Extra Class No. 22, drawn August 10th 1830.

1 44 21 46 6 53 29 11 45

The following is the brilliant result which proves beyond a doubt that Schuyler's offices are the *luckiest* in the world! No 6 46 53 the highest capital of $10,000 was sold to a gentleman in Chatham Street, and the cash was promptly paid the next day. Schuyler also sold the following little comfortables.

No 21 44 46 $1000 sent to Albany, No. 44 46 53 $500 sold to a gentleman in this City, No. 29 46 53 $200 sent to vermont. No 6 45 53 $200 sent to North Carolina, No. 6 26 53 sold in a package to a gentleman in Camden S. C. besides many of $100 $50 &c. &c.

Another! yet another!! Drawing of New-York Lottery Extra 23 drawn 17th August 1831

30 40 12 33 56 47 25 17 35 10 46 8

No 8 19 46 the 24 Capital of $4830 was sold in a package by Schuyler and the Cash was promptly paid 15 minutes after the drawing, all the above prizes are displayed in Schuyler's window, another Brilliant Lottery will be drawn in this City next Wednesday Capitals, $40000 $10000 $ 6000 $ 3000 $3000 $2000 10 of $1000 10 of $50 0 10 of $300 $20 of $250 44 of $150 &c. &c. Lowest prize $12 ten drawn ballots! Tickets 10 Halves $5 Quarters $2,50 Eighths $1,25 for sale in every variety by the package or single ticket at Schuyler's Palaces of Fortune 220 Broadway under the American Museum also at the corner of Park Place & Broadway.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH

No 12 Fourth Street, between Washington Square and Sixth Avenue.

DANIEL H. WEED

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that the above establishment is now open, fitted up with every convenience suitable for such an establishment. It is supplied with *pure spring water*, and clean furniture. An accommodating attendant has charge of the gentlemen's apartments, while the ladies will be attended by Mrs. Weed.—Those inclined to visit it are assured that no pains will be spared to render it as pleasant and convenient as can be desired.

Single tickets	25 cents	
5	do	$1 00
15	do	2 50
55	do	5 00

New-York, June, 1831 3m

NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT LINE.

FOR ALBANY—*From the new Steam-Boat Pier at the foot of Barclay-street.*

PASSAGE $2. MEALS EXTRA.

DAY LINE

The low pressure steam-boat North America, Captain James Benson,

Leaves New-York	Leaves Albany	
Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,	Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday,	at 7 o'clock A. M.

The low pressure steam-boat Albany, Captain Joseph G. Jenkins,

Leaves New-York	Leaves Albany	
Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday.	Tuesday. Thursday, & Saturday.	at 7 o'clock, A. M.

The low pressure steam-boat New Philadelphia, Capt. George E. Symons,

leaves New-York,		leaves Albany,	
Tuesday Thursday, and Saturday,	at 5 P. M.	Monday. Wednesday, & Friday,	at 4 P.M

The low pressure steam-boat Dewitt Clinton, Captain Sherman,

leaves New-York		leaves Albany	
Monday. Wednesday, & Friday.	at 5 P. M.	Tuesday. Thursday & Saturday,	at 4 P. M.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautifully enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE and with their *colours, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of such ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeal of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain stickling to them particles of food causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not unfair* to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as beautiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentleman with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metalic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented—in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost ease and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots removed from the sockets, causing ulcers, gumboils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inventor of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No. 5 Chambers street.

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st.

T. KENNETT.

MAGIC MATCHES, or Instantaneous Chemical Pocket Lights, calculated for travellers, sportsmen and families. This article, for convenience, excels all others now in use, and possesses the peculiar excellence of not being impaired by age. For sale, wholesale and retail, by N. B. GRAHAM, jun.

aug. 13 38 Cedar, corner William st.

White Jamaica Ginger of superior quality for sale wholesale or Retail by N. B. Graham jr. No. 38 Cedar corner of William st.

Jan. 8.

CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray sts. May 28

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson-street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those to moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

For a single Ticket,	$0 25
eight do.	1 50
forty do.	5 00
100 do. viz. 50 gentlemen & 50 ladies,	10 00

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expence in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. WILLIAM M. THORP

New York, May 7, 1831 1y

FRANKLIN HOUSE, NEW HAVEN, CON.

IT is with pleasure that the subscriber is enabled to inform his friends and the public, that he intends opening, on the first of September, for the reception of company, the large and spacious Public House in New Haven, Conn. lately fitted up by its enterprising proprietor, James Brewster, Esq.

This House is designed for accommodating literary and scientific gentlemen and their families, as well as others who wish to spend any time in the beautiful city of New Haven.

The "Franklin House," has connected with it the "Franklin Hall," Lecture Rooms, Laboratory and Philosophical Apparatus, a valuable collection of Minerals, and a large variety of specimens in Natural History, and an elegant Observatory. A valuable Library will soon be added, and practical Scientific Lectures frequently delivered by gentlemen distinguished in their several professions, all of which will render the establishment at once not only pleasant for strangers, but advantageous to all.

These extensive accommodations, with those already provided at the "Tontine," and every exertion on the part of the subscriber to provide for his table the best from the markets, and for his house faithful servants, will render a stay in New Haven desirable, and secure to him, as he hopes, a share of public patronage. ISAAC M. HALL

aug. 13 2w39

TO NOAH'S ARK.

A. REGNIER, Jun. respectfully invites the attention of the ladies to his celebrated establishment, called Noah's Ark, No. 4 Vesey st. opposite St. Paul's church, and nearly in face of Scudder's American Museum, (marble buildings.) A. R. has the honor to thank the ladies and public in general for their long and undiminished patronage since he took this establishment, and to inform them, that further to deserve approbation and custom, he continues to keep, as heretofore, the most complete assortment of French and English FANCY ARTICLES, to suit the taste of every fair that visits his store, such as the most complete assortment of Ribbons, of all numbers and colors; plain and fancy Belts, of every variety; Thread Laces; do; Bobbinet do; Muslin Inserting and Edgings; French Satin Shoes; Sewing Silks; Floss Silk for embroideries; Rugs; Worsted for do. French Working Cotton, and all kinds of Sewings, Threads, and Cotton; Silk, Cotton, and Worsted Fringes; French Oil Cloth; Holland Tapes, for belts. Also a great assortment of Paris Boudard Gloves, fancy, silk, and plain Hosiery; Perfumery, Jewelry, fancy and silk Cravats; fancy and musical Work Boxes, of all kinds and sizes; Walking Canes; Grale's Games, and a variety of French Games, for children; Harmonicas; Toys, &c. &c. Foreigners and travellers are requested to call and judge for themselves if the reputation of the store is not well deserved in every respect. A. R. informs his customers he has relinquished his store in Broadway. July 9th.

WHOLESALE and retail ready made Linen, Hosiery and Glove Store, No. 14 Maiden Lane, nearly opposite the Arcade; where may be had in every variety, ready made Linen of every description, including gentlemen's dress bosoms; *Collars, Stocks, Cravats, and Hdkfs.* Also, just received by the late arrivals from England, a large and elegant assortment of Hosiery, selected expressly for the retail trade, which will be worthy the attention of citizens and strangers. aug. 13 2m39

CHAIR BEDSTEAD.

WILLIAMS WOOLLEY has for some time past applied himself to the production of a Bedstead which shall apply to all the purposes and conveniences of the sick and infirm, in the best possible manner and with the least cost. This he has accomplished, and now offers the result to the public. Several eminent surgeons and physicians of this city have examined this Bedstead, and their certificate of approbation is given below, in which a description is contained. These Bedsteads may be had at his Bedstead Warehouse, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New-York, where the public generally, and the medical profession in particular, are invited to call and examine them. The present prices are from 16 to 20 dollars including a good hair mattrass.

CERTIFICATE.—*New-York: February*, 1831.—The undersigned having examined a bedstead, intended for the benefit of the sick, constructed by Williams Woolley, cannot but express their gratification at the invention, and their opinion that it is the best calculated for the comfort and convenience of the sick of any they have ever examined, being capable of being converted from a bedstead into a chair, and again restored to the state of a bedstead without inconvensing the patient. From its simplicity, cheapness and facility in use, they consider it as well calculated both for hospitals and families:

Valentine Mott, M. D.	John Baxter, M. D.
D. H. Kissam, Jr. M. D.	John C. Cheesman, M. D.
David L. Rogers, M. D.	Samuel I. Mitchell, M. D.
Peter C. Tappan, M. D.	F. U. Johnston, M. D.
William M. Ireland, M. D.	David Hosack, M. D.

PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.—Williams Woolley, newly invented and improved bedsteads, adapted to the situation and means of all classes, manufactured and sold by the proprietor, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New York. His Secret Bedstead, adapted to, and enclosed within various kinds of furniture, such as sideboards, tables, book cases, writing desks, bureaus, sofas, settees, &c. as well as store counters, will be furnished to order, at different prices—from 15 to 75 dollars, according to the style of workmanship and materials used; all which he will warrant free from the inconvenience attached to the present bedsteads heretofore in use, in that they are readily and expeditiously arranged for either purpose and no ways liable to bulge, as is fully attested by all those who have them in use.

He has applied his improvement in tightening the sacking, to the common post bedsteads, which renders them decidedly superior to any that have been made. Of these he has constantly on hand a large assortment, and can supply orders for either the high post, field French, or low post kind, of various materials and workmanship, and at different prices—from 5 to 35 dollars.

Also, an improved Cot Bedstead, very suitable for public houses—price, 3 to 6 dollars.

SOFA BEDSTEADS.—Of this article he has a variety, viz: full finished Parlor Sofa Bedsteads: from 50 to 80 dollars; Settees, &c suitable for dining rooms, nurseries, stores, Steamboats, &c. from 15 to 50 dollars. These articles (Sofa Bedsteads) the committee of Cabinet Makers, at the late fair in New-York, have especially recommended as being constructed on the best principle, and on an excellent plan. They included, also, his Counter and Sacking Bedsteads, and likewise his ordinary four Post Bedsteads, all of which are first rate premium articles.

All orders for any of the above articles will be immediately attended to. WILLIAMS WOOLLEY

VEGETABLE CERATE AND HAIR

RESTORATIVE.

Hair Restorative, and Preservative Vegetable Cerate,

A REMEDY for baldness and the falling off of the hair. For the last eight years this valuable discovery has gained the highest reputation, and has been used by more than 20,000 people, and given the greatest satisfaction.

The fullest reliance may be placed in the efficacy and power of the Vegetable Cerate, not only in restoring and preventing the falling off of the hair, but in producing the greatest lustre and liveliness of it imaginable; the verity of which has been proved by many years experience. It tends to resuscitate and excite the energies of the capillary vessels which constitute those organs that secrete the matter forming the hair; these, like many other organs of the animal body which have been in a state of dormancy or disease, may be restored to their healthy action, and perform all those functions assigned them by nature. In many instances, that disagreeable disease among children, the scald head, has been effectually cured by the Cerate. Persons embarking on long voyages or going to warm climates, will find it to their advantage to take the Cerate with them, as all hot climates are so injurious to baldness. To guard against impositions, the Cerate is now put up in glass bottles, with the words "Vegetable Cerate and Hair Restorative," longitudinally blown in the glass. There are certificates left with the different agents, which are sufficient to convince any person who will call and read them, of the salutary effect this valuable article has on the production and growth of hair. The public are cautioned against a spurious imitation of the Cerate, and in order to prevent imposition, the sale of it will be confined in this city to the following drug stores—James H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chamber streets; Rushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street; Patrick Dickie, 413 Broadway; John B. Dodd, Franklin House, 193 Broadway; Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park; H. C. Thorp, 399 Broadway and David Perkins, 29 Maiden Lane.

Marshall C. Slocum, corner Broadway and Duane streets; Benjamin G. Jansen, 189 1-2 Hudson street; Dr. Church, 188 Bowery; and at the corner of William and Beekman streets, agents for the proprietor.

None are genuine except purchased from the above places. Price $1 75 per bottle—$15 per doz.

Dr. Willam Burgoine has been agent for these eight years in Charleston, S. C. and continues as such.

New York 16 march 19.